

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,166, Vol. 45.

March 2, 1878.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE RUSSIAN TERMS.

THE general indisposition to impede in any way the action of the Government is curiously illustrated by the silence with which the latest official announcement has been received. Three or four weeks ago the appointment of general officers to command a possible expedition with an unknown destination would have provoked much adverse criticism. It is indeed difficult to understand why the provisional selection of a Commander-in-Chief and of a Chief of the Staff should have been formally published. The Government might at its discretion have consulted Lord NAPIER and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY without advertising intentions which perhaps have not even been formed. Late experience has shown that the Russians are only too ready to make every act of the English Government an excuse for some new pretension or menace; nor is it prudent to incur any kind of responsibility for the possible rejection by the Turks of conditions of peace, however exorbitant. It was long ago a commonplace of satirists that war was only distinguished from robbery by the scale on which it was conducted. The conqueror and the highwayman equally regulated their extortions by their power to enforce their demands. International law has never had a binding sanction; but international morality is still laxer, and it tends more and more to emancipate itself from all remaining restrictions. The Russian terms of peace, if they are correctly reported, are perhaps the most outrageous results which have in modern times been attained by superior force. The invasion which had been meditated for years commenced on a mere pretext, as soon as it was ascertained that Turkey would be left alone in the struggle. Nine months of war and a few weeks of diplomatic intrigue have effected the destruction of the defeated combatant, and the penalty of comparative weakness is exacted with pitiless severity. According to a version of the proposed treaty which may perhaps be accurate, the greater part of the Turkish Empire is to be seized on various pretexts; a large part of the population is threatened with compulsory exile; and a pecuniary fine is imposed which it will be impossible to pay. The harsh terms which were in 1871 imposed by Germany on France have created a dangerous precedent, though in the particular case they had much excuse. The French had been unprovoked aggressors; and Alsace was in language, and formerly by law, a German province. The occupation of Metz, on alleged grounds of military expediency, was more questionable; and the enormous pecuniary equivalent for the costs of the war was only justified by the power of enforcing it. The accident of a just cause has nothing to do with the conditions of peace imposed by a victor. The revival of the practice of making war a profitable undertaking threatens frightful calamities to the world. The mischievous tendencies of ambition have never been effectually checked except where the maintenance of the balance of power has been the chief object of European policy. From 1815 to 1853 the five Great Powers, by complete or partial concert, effectually prevented wars of aggrandizement; and consequently the world, notwithstanding some minor interruptions, enjoyed the longest peace in modern history. The Emperor NICHOLAS was severely punished for his violation of the general compact; and the Treaty of Paris postponed for another long period the aggressive projects of Russia. The unfortunate relations between

Germany and France, the timidity of Austria, and the internal divisions of England have now enabled the Russians to gratify their wildest dreams of ambition.

It is not yet known which among the conditions of peace are to be even nominally submitted to a possible Congress; and it would be idle to rely on other Powers for the defence of English rights which are directly and intentionally infringed. The rumoured demand that the Egyptian tribute shall be pledged for the payment of interest on the vast fine extorted from Turkey implies the confiscation of a large property now belonging to English subjects. The tribute is already appropriated to the payment of interest on loans which are for the most part held in France and in England. It is said that Turkish bonds held by Russians are also to be paid in full, to the detriment of creditors in other countries, and principally in England. It is not improbable that large purchases of bonds may have been made in anticipation of an iniquitous preference. The claim on the Egyptian tribute is suspicious on other grounds. The EMPEROR repeatedly promised that he would abstain from entering Constantinople, except under contingencies which have not occurred; and his brother, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, has now his head-quarters at a village which is nearer to Constantinople than Greenwich is to London. The more unconditional promise that Russia would not interfere with Egypt may perhaps be interpreted with equally scrupulous good faith. A security on the Egyptian tribute could only be intended to furnish an opportunity of acquiring a control over the relations between the SULTAN, henceforth a dependent of Russia, and the Khedive of EGYPT. It is not a little significant that, at the moment when Egypt is unexpectedly mentioned in the conditions of peace, the KHEDIVE has suddenly, in defiance of his creditors, declared for the first time that their claims must be referred to the supreme authority of the SULTAN. It is well known that long before the war General IGNATIEFF, among his complicated manoeuvres, was intriguing with the Egyptian Government. It will not be difficult to assume, in the name of the SULTAN, the defence of the KHEDIVE against the oppressive capitalists who wish to hold him to his engagements. Ulterior interference with the Suez Canal would have the attraction of involving another breach of solemn promises. Before a peace has been long established Russia will once more feel a pious sympathy for the Orthodox Christians of Jerusalem, and for their gold or silver keys. Intrigues in Syria will be as easily promoted as in Bulgaria, and the Suez Canal may be approached at the same time from Syria and from Cairo. The prospect would be alarming if it were not more possible to baffle Russian predatory schemes in Egypt than in Bulgaria. The success of designs which are already indicated depends on the cultivation of jealousy and distrust between England and France, which has in former times been a favourite object of Russian diplomacy.

There seems to be a doubt whether the expulsion of Mahometans from their native soil is to correspond to the text of Mr. GLADSTONE's celebrated pamphlet, or to the subsequent gloss. Lord DEREY himself remarked, with obvious justice, that the larger measure could only be compared to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Even if the unfortunate Circassians alone were driven out, their case might move the sympathy of all but professed philanthropists. It is true that they are troublesome and even barbarous; but they have only settled in Turkey to

escape from the tyranny of Russia, which now again proposes to hunt them out of their new abodes. The expulsion of the native population would be a more inexcusable act of cruelty; but the whole matter will be too insignificant or too remote for the consideration of a Congress. As Lord DERBY said, neutrality involved all that has hitherto happened; and a single-handed war would perhaps have been impolitic, even if it had not been in the circumstances impossible. It may be expedient even now to maintain peace in spite of provocation. The Correspondent of the *Times* at St. Petersburg describes with eager sympathy the popular irritation against England; and he is probably right in believing that for the moment gratified vanity and love of military glory overrule all considerations of prudence. If a rupture is avoided or postponed, the consequences of the late war will be felt; and the dangers of a contest with England, and perhaps with Austria, will be more fully appreciated. It would perhaps at present be impossible to convince pugnacious soldiers and diplomatists that the interference of Russia with Egypt will be no more tolerated than interference with the Isle of Wight. Hereafter they may understand that a stipulation for the free passage of merchant ships through the Dardanelles in time of war will have no validity without the consent of the greatest naval Power, though it were enacted in a hundred treaties between Russia and Turkey. The contemptuous animosity to England which is recorded by admiring Correspondents finds perhaps some excuse in the ignoble squabbles which are now happily subsiding. A few weeks ago the promoters of factions agitation against the Government learned to their surprise and dismay that there was another mob, perhaps more numerous than their own. If the result is to prevent the transfer of political decisions from the Cabinet and from Parliament to the streets, even the rival meetings in Hyde Park may not have been absolutely useless. Many thousands of spectators came to see a skirmish between a few hundreds of idlers on either side; but foreigners may be well assured that an occasion may arise in which the lowest rabble would be unanimous in defending the honour of England. The revulsion of popular feeling has converted to decorous patriotism journals which were lately undisguised partisans of Russia. Their distant Correspondents still write in the spirit of their former instructions. Mr. GLADSTONE alone is consistent. His latest essay on the Eastern question contains nothing new except a characteristic attempt to prove that his own treaty of 1871 was wholly illusory. The stipulation that no party to the treaty should separately violate its provisions is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, not applicable to a violation by both Russia and Turkey, because they are two parties, and not one.

EGYPT.

THE present state of affairs in Egypt is of much wider and deeper interest and importance than the mere repudiation of the KHEDIVÉ's engagements with his creditors would in itself involve. The question is no longer a financial but a political one, and it is because the KHEDIVÉ has chosen to raise a grave political issue that his creditors view his financial default with comparative equanimity. Mr. GOSCHEN and M. JOUBERT have temporarily retired from their intervention in Egyptian matters. The VICEROY will listen neither to their counsels nor their entreaties. They telegraph to him and he will not answer. In short, he defies them and the whole body of his creditors in a mass. He chooses not to pay, and the taxes assigned to the creditors no longer provide money for them. Previously the issue had been whether Egypt could afford to pay, and the creditors, through Mr. GOSCHEN and M. JOUBERT, merely asked that a serious inquiry should be made into what revenue could be raised without oppression, what claims the KHEDIVÉ had to meet, and what had become of the money that had been obtained from the taxpayers. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Mr. ROMAINE, the English Controller-General, submitted to the KHEDIVÉ a Report on the revenues of Egypt which purported to show that these revenues were really much less than they had been previously stated to be by the Government officials. This Report was immediately published with joyful alacrity by the KHEDIVÉ, as it was calculated to depress the hopes of his creditors; and those who were striving to induce the KHEDIVÉ to pay to his creditors as much as Egypt could honestly afford to pay

them at first regretted that such a Report should have been presented for publication at the present time. But its publication has been on the whole advantageous. Mr. ROMAINE, though never engaged before on work of the same kind, had a good official reputation in England; and, if he had formed an opinion upon the revenues of Egypt, and it had not been known how he came by this opinion, he would have had a weight proportionate to his reputation and supposed knowledge with those who might have had to consult with him, or act through him, in any new arrangements. But, when it appeared how he had set to work to learn all about the revenues of Egypt, the only thing to do was to wonder how a person of such infantine simplicity ever got to be a Controller-General. When the KHEDIVÉ's native officials were ordered two years ago to magnify the revenues, they magnified them. Now the revenues are to be shown to be very small, and the native officials showed them to be very small. Mr. ROMAINE asked them to come to see him at Cairo, put questions to them, and presented a summary of their answers to the KHEDIVÉ, who has quite wit enough to relish the oddity of the chance that had sent him such an official to represent English methods of doing business. Mr. ROMAINE might just as well have gone into a taproom and asked the cabmen he found there whether such a thing as demanding sixpence too much for a fare was ever known.

The KHEDIVÉ, having determined to break with his European creditors and their representatives, had also necessarily to break with his European judges. For the new tribunals were instituted to secure justice being done to those foreigners who had claims on him or his subjects, and he could not allow them any longer if his foreign creditors were not to have justice done them. He accordingly effaced the tribunals by simply ordering that their decrees should have no force whenever he did not wish that they should take effect. It is of course true that for a sovereign to permit foreigners to inquire into the revenues of his country—involving, as this inquiry would in Egypt, an examination of the methods of government and of the oppression of the poor, and also an inquiry into the secret debts, the secret expenditure, and the secret hoards of the sovereign himself—while local courts of law were enabled to execute decrees in favour of foreigners against the ruler of the country, would amount to a large abandonment of the rights and position of a sovereign prince. But the KHEDIVÉ had voluntarily accepted the situation of a prince who would allow peculiar privileges to the foreigners from whom he had borrowed money. He told them what was the exact amount of his revenues, what was the total of his debts, how much he needed for his expenditure. He accepted a machinery by which foreigners were to receive his revenues, pay the interest on his debts, and supervise his expenditure. He implored foreign Powers to join with him in a treaty giving a solemn sanction to a code providing that foreign judges should be able to make decrees against him. But, when the system came to work, he did not like it. That he has acted in bad faith throughout is exceedingly improbable. He thought that the Code and the arrangements with MM. GOSCHEN and JOUBERT would work in a comfortable sort of way, and that he would somehow get on, and at the same time be recognized as a very enlightened and very honest ruler. The incubus of unascertained debt hanging over him, and the expenses of the war, have weighed on him; and the daily inconvenience of changing under supervision old shiftless habits has driven him to think that the pleasures of avowed insolvency and of doing what he likes in his own way are greater than the pleasures of doing justice and seeing justice done. One great embarrassment had to be faced. He could not half free himself from the system he had accepted and half submit to its restrictions. If he wished once more to get what he could out of the country and spend it as he liked, he had to make a clean sweep of the whole machinery of foreign intervention. He had to terminate his relations with MM. GOSCHEN and JOUBERT; he had to ignore the existence of the Controllers and the Commissioners; he had to paralyse the action of the Judges. To do this must have cost him some effort; but at last he has summoned up courage and has done it. That he has acted thus with any deliberate intention of leaving his creditors completely out in the cold is not to be assumed, and is not in accordance with his past history or his character. He may choose to pay on this debt and not on that; he may strive to force the mass of his creditors into a new bad bargain; but he would

probably pay, or promise to pay, something even if he were now left to himself.

To sweep away all the foreign machinery was, however, a grave political act, and there can be no possible doubt that it is entirely the course which the war has taken that has emboldened him to adopt a new foreign policy. He has calculated that, if he clings to Russia, he may safely throw over England and France. During the Empire he leaned altogether on France. After the Empire fell and the purchase of the Suez Canal shares made him think there was much to hope and something to fear from England, he leaned on England principally, although he always tried to be on good terms with both countries, and to play one off against the other. He got both countries to sanction his Code, and appoint Judges who were to work it. He invited England and persuaded France to accept the nomination of his financial officials. He so far separated himself from the Porte that he offered to refuse assistance to the SULTAN if England or France would countenance the refusal. Subsequently, without consulting the Porte, he made, as a perfectly independent sovereign, a treaty with England for the suppression of the slave-trade. But he now wishes to be free from England and France, and so he throws himself on the Porte, and will do exactly what the Porte directs him to do. Behind the Porte he sees Russia, and he has found, as he thinks, that, while Russia fights, England only talks and France only holds its tongue. He is content to be the puppet of the puppet of the Czar, because he thinks that he will be safe and happy under the Czar's protectorate. To MM. GOSCHEN and JOUBEET this seems a piece of naïve miscalculation. They invite their clients to be quite tranquil, to give up nothing, to fear nothing, and simply to wait until the Conference comes and England and France can speak their minds about Egypt. The advice is so sound, and the notion that England will allow Russia to guide the whole policy of the prince who has the Suez Canal in his keeping seems so preposterous, that the only wonder is how the KHEDIVE came to make what seems so transparent a blunder. On the financial ground the KHEDIVE might have fought his creditors with the prospect of a long, if not successful, fight. But he has gone, as it seems, recklessly out of his way, and has chosen a political issue on which his future is to be decided. Probably his calculations are not all calculation. He has engaged in the war with an interest constantly growing, and he may now share the feelings of a defeated Mahometan. The spirit of SERVER PASHA may have come over him, and he may long to show that he can wound and disappoint the false friends who are traitors to the alliance of the Crimea and will no longer help the CALIPH. Pique, excitement, and the torture of being daily pestered into doing right have probably been among the influences which have most determined his conduct, although admiration of Russia and a longing to get more of his own money for his own purposes may have operated very powerfully in moving him to take the most serious step of his eventful career.

ENGLAND AS A MILITARY POWER.

MR. HARDY has announced to the House of Commons that he has one army corps ready for service abroad, and that the preparations for a second are well advanced. Lord NAPIER of Magdala is to command an expeditionary force if one is despatched, and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is to be Chief of the Staff. That, with a few weeks' preparation and the expenditure of a comparatively small sum, we should be able to despatch a force of more than 60,000 men, well organized and equipped, to any point that may be selected is highly creditable to the authorities, and satisfactory to the nation. It is quite a novelty in English history that we should have an army ready to do something when war is declared. Some shortcomings in the force that we could despatch are readily avowed by all military critics. There was a great deficiency of horses; and, although the Government has made large purchases so as to be sure of an adequate number, the new horses will be necessarily untrained for the purposes of war. As a rule, the men are too young, the pay and position of a soldier not being attractive enough to induce grown men to enter the service. The scale on which manœuvres have been conducted has not been large enough to give an army corps the habit of acting as a whole.

These shortcomings are as well known to the Russians as they can be to us, and no secret is made of them by those most responsible for the success of any effort we may have to make. On the other hand, Englishmen may be trusted to break in horses; the men, though young, are pronounced to be fit for a campaign; the whole tone and character of the English officer has changed, and a serious view of the requirements of a difficult profession has become general. In point of arms, of guns, and of mechanical contrivances, an English army may be favourably compared with any in the world. The whole subject has been carefully reviewed by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in this month's number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and his article, coming from the intended Chief of the Staff, may be looked on as a military manifesto. That the army is not altogether what he could wish he candidly acknowledges; he dwells on its deficiencies, in order that he may provoke the British public to make them good. But he points out the enormous difference between what England was as a military Power on the eve of the Crimean war and what she is now. Then we sent, with the utmost difficulty, a force of twenty thousand men destitute of almost everything needed by an army, except the pluck of the men and the gallantry of officers capable of making a war after a fashion that is now extinct. It is an immense advance that we can now send four times the number perfectly equipped, with adequate reinforcements ready, and under the orders of men to whom every detail of military organization after the modern fashion is thoroughly familiar.

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY gives an abridged history of our military history during the last thirty years. As he wishes to praise with due reserve the present, and to make England as a military Power more active and earnest for the future, he naturally does not spare the past. He gives us stories illustrative of the astonishing ignorance of the civil authorities who had to provide for the army, and of the complete assurance with which commanders of the old school held that they had nothing to do but to place themselves at the head of their men in action, and die, if need were, for their country. He tells us that when, during the Crimean war, a letter was read in the House of Commons stating that there were no means of conveying the sick and wounded, the responsible Minister got up and indignantly protested that the statement was utterly untrue, as there were a hundred hospital panniers at that moment in the Crimea. The Minister spoke in perfect good faith, not being aware that hospital panniers are baskets for carrying medicines and surgical instruments. He also tells us of a staff officer in high position who, on the eve of an important operation, was eagerly questioned by a young officer as to what preparations were to be made. He could get no reply. The thoughts of the amiable old gentleman were elsewhere. He was an excellent amateur carpenter, and his whole soul was devoted to whittling. On the day before the operation was to take place the Captain renewed in vain his application for instructions. His superior was concentrating all his energies on making a bolt for Lord RAGLAN's cupboard. That such things could have happened in the lifetime of most of us seems strange now that the army is a favourite subject of public attention, that every lesson of recent campaigns is eagerly learnt by our officers, and that a comprehensive study of the British army as a whole is passed on from one occupant of the War Office to another. This change is due to the initiative of Lord PALMERSTON and to the labours of Lord CARDWELL and Mr. HARDY, but it is due in a far greater degree to the altered bias of public opinion. Formerly Englishmen were totally indifferent to the management of the army, and the army went on in its old routine, and favouritism was triumphant throughout its administration. In recent years the nation has learnt to think of the army as its army, to watch over its administration, to insist that this administration shall be pure, and to criticize—ignorantly perhaps, but assiduously, and with increasing knowledge—the details of its management. Nothing perhaps has done so much to improve the army as the formation of the Volunteer system; not only because a most valuable instrument of defence has been thus provided, but also because there has been thus created a close connexion between the army and the public. As Sir GARNET WOLSELEY may soon have to play an important part in the face of England, it is not perhaps superfluous to notice that he has now entirely thrown off the Chauvinism which disfigured to some extent his previous article. No one

could more heartily recognize the value of public interest in the army, the quickening impulse given to officers by national expectations of what they can do, and the supreme importance of maintaining constitutional safeguards for national liberty, even in a time when the German army is accepted as the best type of military excellence.

There are some things to which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY wishes to draw attention beforehand, so that justice may be done to our expeditionary force if one has to be sent out. Of favouritism he has no fear; and he feels sure that the authorities will look only to merit. That he and Lord NAPIER should have been appointed is enough to show the altered temper of the times. Perhaps other officers equally deserving have been passed over because Lord NAPIER and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY have had the luck to get their names before the public. But at any rate their appointment shows that the Ministry cares more for the confidence of the public than for the gratitude of powerful friends. But Sir GARNET WOLSELEY thinks it prudent to warn his readers that, directly the expedition begins, a certain amount of grumbling will inevitably commence, that the army itself will grumble, and that the criticism of dissatisfied officers and soldiers may be conveyed through Special Correspondents to the public. Many things will seem to be wrong which can only be recognized as right when the whole scheme of the campaign is known; and, in short, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY asks that the real authors and commanders of great movements may not be judged too hastily by the criticism of minor actors in the piece who think their little part is everything, and complain that they cannot play it as they ought. We do not think that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY need have much apprehension on this head. One consequence of the increased interest taken in military operations is that we have learnt to discount the observations and comments of Special Correspondents; and if the recent campaign has taught us anything, it is that we must look at great and general results, and not be scared by isolated shortcomings or temporary defeats. Sir GARNET also asks us to observe that, however energetic may be the measures now taken, we are sure to start with some deficiencies. England is not properly prepared, and it is unreasonable to expect that it should have been altogether prepared, when leading statesmen like Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE have quite recently shown an utter ignorance as to what preparation means. They could not understand what uses a Vote of Credit could answer, unless it was proposed to raise more men. They had not got further in military science than to suppose that, if twenty thousand more recruits were hastily engaged, there would be twenty thousand more men ready to fight the enemy in a distant corner of Europe. It was not more men that were needed, but more supplies of all the things which the men we have require for a distant campaign. Theoretically, our stores should always be adequate; but, if they were always kept up to their proper amount, many of them would be wasted through disuse in time of peace. The permanent cost of the army would thus be largely augmented, and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY gives up as hopeless the task of trying to persuade the British taxpayer to be always ready for war. Here again we think Sir GARNET may be tolerably easy. We shall not expect our expeditionary force to start in as perfect a condition as if for years it had been kept in readiness with an unlimited expenditure. Where the public will be most at sea will be in its estimate of what an expeditionary force can do. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY of course does not enter on this point further than to point out that an expeditionary force has this advantage—that it has a wide latitude of choice for its operations. It is well to be reminded of this; but it is also well to bear in mind that an expeditionary force must choose some spot as the scene of its operations, and that, when the choice is once made, it is only an expeditionary force, dependent on the sea for supplies and reinforcements, and with numbers that will necessarily be limited in comparison with the armies of a great Continental Power. One of the present fancies of the British public is to revert to the history of the Peninsular war, and to say that we have defied the world in arms once, and can do it again. The Peninsular war was a source of great glory to England; it showed the tenacity of the Government and the people, and it revealed that we possessed a man of the highest military genius. But there are one or two points in the history of the Peninsular War which ought to be kept in mind. In the first place, we were fighting in a wild, difficult country, with the population

heartily in our favour, and carrying on a most harassing guerilla warfare in our support. In a war such as is now in men's minds, we should have to encounter a very different state of things, and should come upon a mixed population, with either the Christians or the Turks as our enemies. In the next place, it is not true that we ever opposed the whole force of NAPOLEON. Between the dates of Wagram and of the Russian expedition NAPOLEON was not fighting any other Power, but he was engaged in bullying and preparing to fight other Powers, and he would not take the trouble to oppose on an adequate scale what he wrongly thought to be an insignificant movement in a corner of his Empire. The final successes of the Duke of WELLINGTON were all gained after NAPOLEON had wasted his army by hurling it against Russia. Too inconsiderate a reference to the history of the Peninsular war would lead us to do possible injustice to any expeditionary force which this country might send out now. We must take account of what such a force cannot do as well as of what it can do; but that it can do something very creditable to England, and embarrassing to the enemy, we may confidently expect, on the assurance of one of the destined leaders of the expedition.

INCOME-TAX CROTCHETS.

THE Income-tax is one of the few subjects which have ceased to provoke agitation, in some degree because its nature is better understood than formerly. The partial exemptions which were introduced by the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER soon after his accession to office have deprived a large body of malcontents of a grievance. Sir G. CAMPBELL plausibly contends that his project of graduation would only be a further application of the same principle of readjustment; but the House of Commons is fortunately not yet prepared to apply socialist doctrines on a large scale. Consistency might be equally secured, and economic laws would be much less infringed, by the converse process of withdrawing exemptions which are perhaps theoretically anomalous, though they may be defended or excused on special grounds. Some years ago Sir G. CAMPBELL informed an astonished audience that there was no such thing as property in land. His experience of Indian tenures had convinced him that it was impossible or wrong to hold land in fee simple. To some students barbarous and primitive practices appear to be binding precedents for modern legislation. A paternal Legislature would turn landowners into tenants of the State, as it is now asked to redress the inequalities of fortune by partial taxation. The House of Commons, which perhaps still adheres to the national superstition of ownership of land, showed little disposition to enter into Sir G. CAMPBELL's benevolent interference with other property. An amendment purporting to exempt earnings and profits from taxation met with as little favour. Long after the Income-tax was first imposed, fanciful schemes of a similar kind were devised in great abundance. Elaborate tables were devised by which incomes might be capitalized according to their assumed duration; and sometimes projectors undertook also to inquire into the character or quality of receipts. All devices for taxing incomes unequally were accompanied by the assertion that the tax was temporary, and indeed properly applicable only to time of war. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had occasion, even in the late debate, to observe that a tax raised continuously for six-and-thirty years, including only two years of war, might for practical purposes be regarded as permanent, and as not incompatible with a state of peace.

Mr. HUBBARD's conviction that industrial incomes should be more lightly taxed than rent or interest of money survives from a time when theories of the kind were more popular than at present. Before PITT first imposed the tax, and again in the long interval between 1815 and 1842, the country acquiesced in the undeniable advantage of an unearned perpetuity over the precarious and hard-won proceeds of trade and industry. A lawyer making three or four thousand a year never for a moment fancied himself as rich as a landowner with the same amount of rental. If he reflected on so barren a topic, he might console himself by the undeniable proposition that, in the world as it at present exists, some persons are richer than others. When the financier and the tax-collector intervened it was no part of their business to redress the irregular distribution

of property. A shilling earned by hard labour is undistinguishable from a shilling inherited, and in both cases the tax-gatherer exacts the same proportion. Mr. HUBBARD has had the good sense to avoid a delusion which was once more widely spread than his own special fancy. He has not proposed to tax incomes according to their probability of duration, perhaps because he understands that collective profits are as perpetual as rents, though the recipients, who are also the taxpayers, may be more frequently changed. Mr. HUBBARD only proposes to recognize in certain proceeds of industry a meritorious quality which entitles them to more lenient treatment. The proper allowance for skill and labour is in practice made by the deduction of working expenses before the net income is returned. The salaries of managers and clerks are probably in all cases allowed; and it matters little whether the personal exertions of the principal are taken into account. Mr. HUBBARD would establish an indefensible distinction between private traders and Joint-Stock Companies. According to his plan, shareholders would be taxed at the full rate on their dividends, although their private competitors were entitled to a partial exemption. Projects more or less resembling Mr. HUBBARD's were once sufficiently rife to create some apprehension in the minds of sounder economists; but the indolence of the House of Commons and the calculated inability of Finance Ministers to undertake a general readjustment practically maintained equality of taxation until it was at last recognized as just, and not merely as necessary. By dint of repetition the self-regulating tendencies of a permanent impost are partially understood and practically acknowledged.

As Mr. DODSON justly remarked, the concession of a privilege to certain classes of taxpayers would be felt as a grievance by others who are equally entitled to consideration. The small annuitant, the clerk, the curate, and the slenderly jointured widow are at present lightly taxed through the system of exemptions; but the same advantage is enjoyed by tradesmen of small incomes, on whom Mr. HUBBARD proposes to confer a second boon. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE perhaps congratulates himself on the effect of his graduated scale in suppressing an agitation which had threatened to be troublesome. There is another side to the question; but some of the noisiest agitators against the tax have been quieted by ceasing to contribute. The borough constituencies are indifferent to the rate of Income-tax; and Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill, when it becomes law, will diffuse the same equanimity through the counties. Sir WALTER BARTHELOTT's suggestion that every voter should bear his share of direct taxation would be equivalent to a repeal of the last Reform Bill. The minority must pay the taxes which are imposed upon them by the representatives of the classes which are exempt. The result will be that, as often as new taxation is required, an additional percentage will be put upon the Income-tax. They will have some experience of their liability in the present year. During the debate on the Vote of Credit, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated, in answer to Mr. GLADSTONE, that the issue of Exchequer Bonds was not intended to form a permanent addition to the Debt. It would have been obviously inconvenient to anticipate the Budget by imposing taxes for two months; but it was understood that provision would be made for the repayment out of revenue of the whole or of a portion of the bonds.

It is unfortunately almost impossible to reimpose for a limited time the indirect taxes which have in late years been repealed. Taxes on commodities derange trade both when they are put on and when they are taken off, while a penny or threepence added to the Income-tax is only felt by the unhappy contributor. It is therefore almost certain that the owners of taxable incomes will have to pay the penalty of Russian ambition. For the far heavier cost of a war it would be necessary, and probably it would be practicable, to make some additional provision; but six millions will not induce the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to look beyond the docile payer of Income-tax. It is strange that Mr. GLADSTONE, in his desperate attempt to revive his waning popularity, should have selected the Income-tax as the price which he was ready to pay for the support of the constituencies. Those who pay the tax are not the bulk of his followers; and almost all serious politicians are convinced that, with all its faults, the tax, as long as the rate is low, is one of the most unobjectionable parts of the fiscal system. Mr. DISRAELI's eager assent to Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal was easily explicable. Lord BEACONS-

FIELD, though he has been twice Chancellor of the Exchequer, has never seriously professed to understand taxation or any other branch of finance. A hasty and erroneous impression that Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal would be popular immediately suggested a counter bid, which was soon afterwards tacitly withdrawn. There is too much reason to suppose that the yield of the tax will be largely reduced. The enormous losses which have been incurred within two or three years by foreign bondholders, by ironmasters, coal-owners, and manufacturers cannot but produce their natural result in the form of diminished returns. It will be interesting to learn whether during the current financial year a penny in the pound has produced two millions.

THE SUFFRAGE DEBATE.

NEITHER the debate on Mr. TREVELYAN's motion for the extension of the suffrage nor the division possessed remarkable interest. Lord HAETINGTON's declaration of last year in favour of the measure, and the all but unanimous adherence of the party to his decision, have practically insured the establishment of household suffrage throughout the kingdom within a few years. Whether or not the next Parliament will contain a Liberal majority is a question which will depend on the circumstances of a general election. It seems at present probable that some issue of foreign policy may be submitted to the constituencies with the result of superseding or confusing permanent differences of political opinion. Astate Liberal politicians now regard with uneasiness the possibility of an early dissolution, although they would willingly have appealed to the country during the prevalence of the Bulgarian agitation. It is impossible to conjecture the state of feeling which may prevail two years hence. The Government will probably fail to emerge triumphantly from the present crisis, and disappointment and vexation generally vent themselves on unsuccessful Ministers. If the pending negotiations should unhappily end in war, the popularity of the Government of the day will depend not on political principles, but on military operations; but sooner or later domestic controversies will revive; and the Liberal party will return to power under a pledge to introduce household suffrage into counties. Mr. TREVELYAN may perhaps be charged, as a member of the new Government, with the official conduct of a measure in which he can claim a vested interest. Fifty years ago Lord JOHN RUSSELL had earned by analogous services the privilege of introducing the first Reform Bill, although he had not at that time been admitted to the Cabinet. One of the main objections urged against the great constitutional change was that it would be the first in a series of electoral experiments. The anticipation has been fully verified by subsequent experience; nor will Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill be the last stage of the downward progress. It is something that the influx of democracy has been modified and restricted during half a century. The process would have been still slower if Lord JOHN RUSSELL had not sought to revive his waning popularity by a second Reform agitation, which was for some years only kept alive by incessant effort.

Mr. PLUNKETT's proposal of an educational test attracted as little notice as it deserved. The risk of transferring the control of county representation to householders is not that some miners and agricultural labourers are unable to read and write, but that, in conjunction with their equals in the boroughs, they will form an overwhelming and homogeneous majority of the whole electoral body. No other country is in the last resort governed by the recipients of weekly wages. It may be economically true that the interests of property and of labour coincide; but the identity is not recognized by the favourite teachers of the working classes. The only conspicuous rural demagogue has announced the intention of the labourers, when they are enfranchised, to suppress priestcraft and kingcraft, or, in other words, the Church and the Crown. His aspirations for a political revolution may perhaps be disappointed; but Mr. TREVELYAN's supporters might have profitably considered the warnings which have been publicly given. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has not declared himself hostile to kingcraft or priestcraft, lately took occasion to applaud the moderation of Mr. ARCH. Mr. GOSCHEN, in a second manly protest against the dangerous policy of his party, relied too much on an argument which was urged in his speech of last year. His apprehensions of a relaxed administration of the Poor Law under the pressure of

small county householders may perhaps be well founded; but, if there were no other reason against Mr. TREVELYAN's measure, the possible prevalence of a single economical error would scarcely furnish a sufficient reason for refusing an equalization of the franchise. Mr. GOSCHEN went so far as to suggest that, if by a machinery of Trade-Unions the labourers could make themselves independent of the rates, his objection to the proposed change would be weakened or removed. The power of Trade-Unions would be far more mischievous than any probable modification of the working of the Poor Laws. Such organizations are prone to adopt the emotional policy which Mr. GOSCHEN justly deprecates. The bias of passion and sentiment always operates on the side of their own class. Political economy finds little favour with the multitude, because it is scientifically impartial.

The debate was agreeably distinguished by the comparatively rare use of the argument that two sides of a street or of a hedge ought to enjoy equal privileges. On former occasions it seemed that Mr. TREVELYAN, notwithstanding his great intellectual acuteness, was really shocked by an anomaly which is inseparable from a restricted suffrage. The man on the county side of the hedge may or may not be as good as his neighbour in the borough; but the effect of two votes differs from the effect of one. The working-man in the borough has a certain share of political power which it is not demonstrably expedient to double. Of two men on the same side of the hedge, one who only occupies a room may read and write and speak as well as the privileged householder; nor will his claim be overlooked when Mr. TREVELYAN has enfranchised a million and a half of additional supporters of universal suffrage. One of the speakers in the debate expressed a reasonable suspicion of arguments which prove much more than the immediate conclusion. Mr. GLADSTONE, whose opinions were not mentioned in the discussion, has been logical and candid. In his controversy with Mr. LOWE, he passed almost without remark from the claims of county householders to the rights of adult males. The rest of the party will not fail to accept the necessary result of the present agitation; but it matters little whether Parliamentary leaders like or dislike measures which will be enacted by overwhelming majorities. The working class, returning nearly the whole House of Commons, will confirm and perpetuate their supremacy by admitting within the electoral boundaries the residue of their own body. It is possible that their irresponsible despotism may be exercised with disinterested wisdom; but according to ordinary probabilities no result seems more unlikely.

The members of the Liberal party, like other politicians who have had occasion to change their opinions, forget that a few years ago they deliberately sanctioned the dissimilarity between the two sides of the hedge. It was but a waste of time to taunt the Conservatives with their share in the infringement of the ancient distinction between the county and borough franchise. It is true that the CHANDOS clause of the first Reform Bill was introduced by a zealous Tory, probably with the purpose, and certainly with the result, of increasing the power of the landlords; yet a Liberal who holds that it would have been either possible or just permanently to withhold votes from all tenant farmers must be a zealous partisan. In 1867 the qualification was reduced from 50*l.* to 12*l.*, and a year or two afterwards the ballot disarmed the landlords of any remaining means of exercising control over their tenants. No objection was raised at the time to the 12*l.* franchise, although it was well known that the majority of houses beyond the hedge were let at a much lower rent. In the same manner the Opposition now unanimously approves of the qualification which consists in the occupation of a house. Before Mr. TREVELYAN's measure has been passed five years, he or some equally zealous democrat will angrily denounce the artificial distinction between the occupation of a house and any other form of residence. All people, it will be said, necessarily live in houses, and there is no reason for attaching a privilege to the bare function of paying rent. Mr. LOWE is probably well aware that his arguments will not produce a single proselyte; but they perhaps appeal to the secret convictions of many of his Liberal allies. He at least cannot be taunted with the inconsistency of having placed a capricious confidence in the voter on the borough side of the hedge. In 1866 and 1867 no speaker contended so eloquently against the competing projects of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI. The

Liberal party has been the more eager to pledge itself to democratic changes because there is some apprehension that the present Government will anticipate the concession. If Lord BEACONSFIELD were absolute master of his Cabinet, it is highly probable that he would sink a second shaft to the Conservative stratum of which he supposes himself to have divined the existence. His colleagues are more cautious or less credulous, and they have to reckon with the county members and with their actual constituents. There is no reason to believe that the farmers who now elect county representatives are prepared to abdicate their functions without a struggle; and on general grounds three-fourths of the Conservatives agree with Mr. LOWE in opinions which their own official leaders hesitate to express. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech on Mr. TREVELYAN's motion indicated a disposition to keep the question open, and, for the present at least, to do nothing. An adverse majority of only fifty in a full House is calculated to encourage the party of change, which has also the inestimable advantage of being on the winning side. Lord HARTINGTON's careless acceptance of a scheme which may prove revolutionary is the gravest error which he has yet committed as a party leader.

INDIAN FINANCE.

THE India Office has done a service to that limited public which takes an habitual interest in Indian affairs by printing, as a Parliamentary paper, the debate in the VICEROY'S Council on Sir JOHN STRACHEY's financial proposals. Those proposals were subjected to the inevitable disadvantage of being discussed in England before the particulars of them were fully known. A refusal to levy an Income-tax, coupled with the imposition of an additional duty on salt, naturally gave rise to the fear that the interests of the poor were being sacrificed to those of the rich. The full text of Sir JOHN STRACHEY's speech will go far to remove this impression. The policy of imposing an Income-tax on India may long remain a matter for dispute; but the history of previous attempts to raise money in this way will at least exonerate the Government from the charge of recklessness in preferring other methods at the present time. The immediate object which Sir J. STRACHEY has in view is to place the proportion between the revenue and the expenditure of India on a permanent and satisfactory footing. It is of great importance that this object should be secured with as little disturbance as possible, and to have attained it by the imposition of an Income-tax would have been to attain it with the maximum of disturbance. The wisdom of making an annual insurance against famine, and of maintaining an annual surplus of income over expenditure, would have been called in question equally with the wisdom of providing for these additional charges in a particular way. Even if all that is said in favour of an Income-tax be accepted as true, including Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's assertion that the opposition is exclusively an opposition of the wealthy classes, and derives a fictitious appearance of strength from the fact that many of the members are rich enough to keep a newspaper, this concession does not affect the question. An opposition may be morally worthless, and yet it may be highly imprudent to provoke it under particular circumstances. If the suggestion of an Income-tax would have set the native press in a blaze, and provoked to the utmost that unscrupulous and foul-mouthed mendacity which appears to be the principal characteristic of that unlovely type of journalism, it will hardly be contended by the strictest financial purist that the present moment would have been a favourable one to choose for the experiment. The purposes for which Indian revenue should be raised, and the modes in which it should be raised, are distinct considerations, and much might be risked by taking both of them in hand at the same time.

The immediate problem before Sir J. STRACHEY was, how to increase the income of the Indian Government by two millions annually. Of this sum, 1,500,000*l.* is needed to meet the estimated average cost of famines, and 500,000*l.* to provide a margin of revenue over expenditure. This sum cannot be obtained by any present reduction of expenditure, and though some part of it will be furnished by the new arrangements with the local Governments, about 1,100,000*l.* remained to be raised by new taxation. The idea

of an Income-tax being inadmissible, Sir JOHN STRACHEY had to consider upon what classes of the community any projects he might entertain would be likely to weigh most heavily. It is the main advantage of an Income-tax that, but for exemptions, it would hit everybody. Everybody who is not a pauper must have an income of some kind, and if it were possible to get at this income, the problem of equal taxation as regards classes would be solved, and only the inevitable inequalities resulting from individual circumstances would remain to be dealt with. But, short of an Income-tax, there is no way of raising revenue which does not lay a greater burden upon some classes than it does upon others. In the present case, however, this drawback is of no importance. The Government of India were of opinion that there were two great classes of the community on which the duty of contributing to the prevention of famine more especially devolved. "The mere fact," says Sir J. STRACHEY, "that the agricultural classes constitute by far the greater portion of the population, and when famine occurs form the great majority of those who require relief, is alone sufficient to show that these classes ought to pay their quota of the sum required for their own protection." The other class is the class of traders and artisans. The pressure of famine falls upon this class even before it falls upon the agriculturists, so that they, too, are clearly bound to contribute to their own protection; besides which "it is notorious that, throughout nearly the whole of India, although there is no class which benefits so greatly from our rule, there is none which bears so insignificant a share of the expenses of the State." The new taxes had, therefore, so far as was possible, to be distributed over these two great classes; and Sir J. STRACHEY seems to have fairly secured the object in view—first, by an addition to the local rates, which falls on the agricultural classes; and next, by a licence tax, which falls on the trading classes. One or other of these additional imposts had already been introduced in many parts of India. All, therefore, that Sir J. STRACHEY had to do was to tax the commercial classes in Bengal, where the tax on land already exists; to tax the land in the North-Western Provinces, where the tax on commercial classes already exists; and to tax both in those parts of India in which no fresh taxation has hitherto been imposed. The licence tax, previously in existence, was a fixed tax for each trade. A "banker" paid sixteen rupees a year, whether he lent millions or pounds. The new tax has a graduated scale of assessment; traders in the highest class paying two hundred rupees a year, and traders in the lowest class paying one rupee. Sir J. STRACHEY is of opinion that where the sums levied are so moderate as this no great hardship can occur, even when mistakes are made in the assessment. If any trader thinks that he is placed in too high a grade, he will have the right of producing evidence that he ought to be transferred to a lower one.

The increase in the salt duty, which made so large a figure in the telegraphic reports of Sir JOHN STRACHEY's speech, turns out to be really an administrative rather than a financial measure. The abolition of the inland customs line—"a great impenetrable hedge of thorny trees and evil plants, and stone walls and ditches, through which no man or beast can pass without being stopped and searched"—has long been desired by the Indian Government, and in order to effect this it is necessary that the salt duties should be made equal throughout India. The preferable way of doing this would have been to reduce the duties in Bengal and Northern India to the level of the duties in Madras and Bombay. But it is impossible to do this at a time of positive financial embarrassment. A medium rate has, therefore, been taken, which will somewhat cheapen salt in Bengal and the Upper Provinces, while slightly increasing the price of it in the Southern and Western Presidencies. This will make the general salt-tax something less than three farthings a pound. The actual increase in the price will only amount to about twopence a head, and this sum will be distributed over the year by almost daily instalments, most of them infinitesimally small. The Government of India have the power to reduce duties by executive order, though not to levy new or increase old duties, so that the only Bills which Sir J. STRACHEY had to introduce in the Council were those referring to the increased duties. The proposed reductions will not be effected all at once, as the necessary negotiations with the native States of Rajputana are not

yet completed. There is one other point in Sir JOHN STRACHEY's speech which ought to be noticed. It is not creditable to England that every Indian financier has to answer our offers to be generous by a reminder that we refuse to be just. Since 1875 the cost of the Indian army has increased by upwards of 1,000,000l. a year, and a large share of this increase is in the expenditure recorded in the home accounts. As Sir JOHN STRACHEY justly says, "the fact that the revenues of India are liable to have great charges thrown upon them without the Government of India being consulted, and almost without any power of remonstrance," is an exceedingly grave one. India may fairly enough be called upon to pay the cost of the Indian army, but there is no reason why she should have to share in addition the cost of the home army. Convenient as it no doubt is for a department to have the means of cooking its accounts with the view of pleasing the palate of an economical public, it is of still more importance that the distribution of expense should not remain such as to create a constant and well-founded irritation throughout British India.

THE COLONIAL MARRIAGES BILL.

IN 1877 the House of Commons read the Colonial Marriage Bill a second time by a majority of fifty-one, and in 1878 the measure passed the same stage by the reduced number of twenty-one. Of course the question will stop where it is for the present Session, visibly damaged in Parliamentary standing, and absolutely destitute of public sympathy or even recognition. What will be chiefly remembered is Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL'S denunciation of the paid agencies by which it was offensively pressed. We took occasion last year to express our opinion of the proposal in itself, and the time which has since elapsed has only strengthened the repugnance with which we regard the ostensible scope of a measure involving within the more narrow limits of its literal enactments a violation of common justice and common sense, while as a precedent it would be simply destructive of good understanding between the mother-country and its dependencies. Such is, we contend, the ostensible character of the measure; but behind its formal provisions is entrenched an intention which it would be a farce to call covert, and which is, if possible, more mischievous—as an instalment of legislation by sly and mine—than even the professed wrong which the Bill seeks to legalize. The Bill, of a single clause, professes to be one "to legalize certain colonial marriages," and its substance is—after premising that laws have recently been passed in certain British colonies legalizing the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, and that such marriages have been duly sanctioned by the Imperial Government, while similar enactments may be expected in the case of other colonies, but that "doubts have arisen as to the status and legitimacy, and rights of inheritance and succession within the United Kingdom of the issue of such alliances"—that therefore the issue of all such marriages, past or future, "contracted by persons domiciled in colonies where such marriages are lawful, shall have the same rights of inheritance, succession, or otherwise, within the United Kingdom as if they had been the issue of parents lawfully married in the United Kingdom." A saving clause, very consolatory to heirs in tail, is added, which guards the actual possessor, but not the possessor in expectation, of property at home from the effects of the Bill.

Two assumptions, each of them bold and each contradictory of the other, force themselves into notice as the salient features of the Bill. One is, that for the future any colony, however insignificant, which has acquired the privilege of self-government, may force the hand of the mother-country, and demand the material advantages of legitimacy within the United Kingdom for the offspring of alliances which would, if contracted at home, have been unlawful by the unrepealed law, both common and statute, of the Empire. The other is, that this indulgence, so unrestricted in its principle, is in practice to be limited to one class of marriage, namely that with the wife's sister.

The plea set up for the positive side of the proposal is singular. Because certain colonies, in the exercise of such sovereignty as appertains to them over their internal con-

cerns, have enacted marriage laws contrary to those of the Empire, which laws the Crown has judged right to recognize, therefore marriages validated only for the colony are to be recognized as equally valid within the mother-country, whose political and social system stands on the general recognition of their invalidity. Such a provision is, as we have said, one to make the colony the arbiter of the moral, no less than the legal, status of the colonizing and protecting Power. The colonies wanted a certain thing, and they got it. They were dissatisfied with the marriage law of the Empire, and they constituted themselves—for the purpose of the law which they demanded—into independent and foreign States; and the Home Government allowed them to do so. Having done this, their self-constituted mouthpieces now turn round and say that these citizens of a State which has given itself a marriage law differing from that of the mother-country shall, for all purposes of advantage accruing from it, be citizens also of the United Kingdom; netting all the profits and repudiating all the losses of both systems, so as to enjoy the personal privilege of overriding—each man in his own person—the general marriage law of that Kingdom. Great Britain and Ireland would probably be driven to protective reprisals, and the result of colonial greed might be that colonial Acts would have to be vetoed which would otherwise have been accepted. The flimsy limitation of requiring that such persons shall be “domiciled” in the colony is, as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL clearly explained in the House, in one sense wholly illusory, and in another the certain origin of illimitable litigation. The most which even Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, with his well-known self-assurance, could say for it was, that “domicile” was a “difficult question of fact.” In plain English, the Bill is—as Lord CARNARVON tersely described it when the demand on which it is based was brought under his notice—one which would have the “effect of giving validity to marriages of this description entered into by residents in the United Kingdom who have simply made a trip to the colony for the purpose of procuring celebration of the marriage, thereby evading the law of this country.”

So much for what the Bill claims to license; but it is as singular in the restriction which it proposes to affix to its indulgence. We have seen the principles upon which it professes to be based. They are alike unconstitutional and dangerous, but they are in themselves intelligible, and not only bold, but reckless. Yet the Bill in its details is not a limitation, but a contradiction of them. It professes to recognize colonial self-government, while by its enactments it manacles that which it sets up as the free action of the colonies, and reduces their liberties to the one single procedure which happens to be convenient for the selfish policy of its English promoters. The “deceased wife’s sister” is the be-all and end-all of the connubial independence which it accords to “Greater Britain.” It is flagrantly and boisterously promoted by the busy section which has made itself champion of that forlorn dame. It was in its pre-Parliamentary days engineered by Sir T. CHAMBERS, who first brought it in, and who has now only retired to the second place behind Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, who once discharged the same good office for the real big measure; while its third backer, the RECORDER, is hardly less conspicuous for zeal in the same cause. Any child can see through such tactics. The colonies are merely the cat’s-paw, because, the main attack having failed, a flank movement is now attempted, with the double object of creating a precedent at home, and of providing for immediate use a matrimonial Alsatia beyond the seas for the wealthy lovers of wives’ sisters. The further calculation is that, by this artificial moderation, the conspiracy will allay suspicion and secure the lazy support of the large floating party which will conclude that, as the colonies are only England over the way, there can be therefore no real danger in saying ay to the present limited proposal, even at the risk of having hereafter to accept blank matrimonial Bills from our brothers and sisters out there. But these future demands are certain, it will be said, to be English in their feeling and policy, for they will come from English folk. We are quite unable to acquiesce in any such flattering anticipation. It is rather late in the day for the country which holds among its colonies and dependencies Canada, the Mauritius, Gibraltar, Malta, Ceylon, and the black-skinned communities of the West Indies, which has just pushed its acquisitions in Dutch-peopled Africa over regions as wide as European kingdoms, and which is more and more training India to self-government, to refer to its external fellow-sub-

jects as necessarily British in their ethnology. In face of such a state of matters it is puerile to contend that any colony which might be desirous of substituting Continental for British ideas as to prohibited degrees would not take the permissive portion of this Bill as its precedent rather than bow to its one flimsy and selfish limitation, and that it would not find HUGESSEN and CHAMBERSES ready to press its constitutional claim to overrule—in England and as against England—English law. The fantastically guarded relationship of “wife’s sister” has no existence in foreign jurisprudence, where, as in France, that lady and the brother’s widow are equally “*belle-sœur*,” and the corresponding man “*beau-frère*.” Not only are persons in this degree of relationship permitted to marry in France under a civil dispensation, which it needs no trouble to procure, but nieces and uncles, aunts and nephews, enjoy the like indulgence. The same liberty exists in Holland, without the farce of the dispensation; while this class of alliances is in high favour throughout Germany. Yet we have got colonial fellow-citizens in plenty whose allegiance is British, but their pedigree and language French or Dutch. We hardly imagine that the majority of the House of Commons which gave to Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN his second reading can have rightly apprehended these very obvious considerations. At all events, however, it was a diminishing, and not an increasing majority, and a cause which has in twelve months succeeded in bringing down its preponderance to a figure only two-fifths of that at which it stood just a year previously is one upon which the counsels of statesmanship can claim to be effectively heard above the solicitations of an interested and uncandid propaganda. A well-blown and showy bubble must have its floating time before it bursts.

FACTORY LEGISLATION.

IF a philanthropist who died a quarter of a century since were now to revisit the earth, he would notice a remarkable difference between the discussions on the employment of women and children in factories and the discussions on the same subject in which he himself bore a part. In one respect he would see what he would regard as a very great improvement. Philanthropy has effectually asserted her right to be heard on questions of this kind. The debate no longer rages round the propriety of legislating for the good of the working classes. As between employer and employed, the employed have things pretty much their own way. Side by side with this change, however, there has come another, which tends to paralyse the effect of the first. Philanthropy herself no longer speaks with a certain sound. In proportion as her power has become undisputed, her exercise of power has become faltering. There is far less opposition to be overcome; but, even where there is none at all, philanthropists are often not clear as to the wisdom of much about which they were once confident. There was a time when nothing seemed simpler than the expediency of regulating the employment of women. Left to themselves, or left to their employers, women would work, or be made to work, to an extent which would be fatal to their health and usefulness. They would be useless wives and incapable mothers, and only an Act of Parliament could be trusted to control this tendency to self-immolation in the path of the manufacturing Juggernaut. Five-and-twenty years ago it was never supposed that a man who professed to care for the good of his fellow-creatures more than for his own pockets or those of his fellow-manufacturers could hesitate as to which way he should vote on this question. There is a great deal of hesitation on the point now. It has come to be doubted whether, after all, we have not been subjecting women to disabilities, while we thought we were protecting them; whether, under the plea of saving them from the oppression of cruel task-masters, we have not been preventing their escape from a still more grievous bondage. Our legislation, it is contended, has blundered in applying to one age ideas belonging to another. If every woman had a husband or a father able to support her, it might be well to pass Acts of Parliament designed to restrict her to home employments. The workman would find that the law prevented him from making his home uncomfortable and his children unhealthy by driving the wife and mother out to work, and he might at last see that Parliament had cared better for him than he would have cared for himself.

But what if there be no husband or father from whom an adequate, even if a grudging, support can be extracted? What if large numbers of women have to shift for themselves just as completely as men have? It is plain that this consideration introduces a wholly new element into the problem, and forces us to reconsider the propriety of making that harder which is already hard. Mr. FAWCETT and those who think with him contend that, if restrictions are imposed on women's labour which do not apply to men's labour, the value of women's labour is reduced in proportion. These restrictions are quite as inconvenient to employers as they are to workpeople, and if a master finds that when there are women in his factory he has to observe all manner of regulations from which he is exempt where there are only men, he naturally determines that for the future he will employ no women. Consequently the demand for women's labour decreases, and the wages they can earn become less. To all appearance, if the principle of legislating for women in this way is to be maintained, it must be on a different principle from that on which it has hitherto been supposed to rest. The interests of the community must be invoked rather than those of the particular class. No matter how good it may be for a woman not to be overworked, she may be exposed to worse evils still if she is prevented from earning her living. She may be confronted with the alternative of starvation or the streets, and in that case it would have been better to leave her free to work as many hours as she likes. The supposed identity between the case of a woman and the case of a child breaks down upon examination. A child needs protection against the pressure of those who have the control of his actions; a woman needs protection against the pressure of wants which she desires to satisfy. Both may be employed to their own injury under these several pressures; but the similarity of the effect does not involve any similarity of cause. The child goes to work or remains at work because he is made to go or remain. The woman goes or remains because she values the money she will earn above the leisure or health which she will sacrifice to earn it. Who is to say, so far as her own interest is concerned, whether her choice is wise or foolish; or, even if this can be ascertained, why should Parliament insist on her being wise rather than foolish? The only answer which these questions admit seems to be that society is so constituted that, while the injury which men incur by overwork ends with themselves, the injury which women incur by overwork extends to others. They are, or may be, mothers, and as mothers they will not only suffer themselves, but they will cause their offspring to suffer. Nothing is more clear than that feeble mothers have feeble children; and as these children will in turn marry and have children, the standard of the race becomes steadily lower. Even this argument, however, is open to a good deal of question. The alternative, as has been said, is not between good and evil, but between one evil and another; between the positive mischief of overwork and the not less positive mischief of under-feeding. If women are pushed out of employment, or forced to take lower wages by reason of disadvantageous restrictions, they cannot support themselves as well as if work were more plentiful and wages higher; and, without adequate support, they will not, physically speaking, make good mothers. It seems hard to prevent a woman from doing her utmost to maintain herself, unless we are absolutely sure that society will benefit by the maintenance of such a prohibition.

The progress of the Bill through Committee was delayed on Monday by the unexpected appearance of a religious difficulty. There is a good deal of work of various kinds done for profit in conventual institutions; and it occurred not quite unnaturally to certain Irish members that the clause which empowers Inspectors to enter, inspect, or examine any factory or workshop might be made an excuse for the inspection of convents. Mr. GRAY's amendment excluding convents, monasteries, orphanages, or charitable institutions from the operation of the Act might have been rejected or withdrawn as unnecessary if Mr. NEWDEGATE had not seized the opportunity to preach the familiar sermon which the House of Commons has so often had to listen to. In Mr. NEWDEGATE's opinion, as all the world knows, convents ought to be inspected, whether any work is done in them or not. But, as this has been found impossible, it was something that a Bill should be introduced, and introduced by the Government, which promised to bring some convents under inspection, though only in another character and by a side wind. After his speech no further

concession was to be obtained from the Irish members than a temporary withdrawal of Mr. GRAY's amendment on the understanding that the question should be fully discussed at a later stage of the Bill. That this understanding will be handsomely adhered to there is no doubt, and unfortunately the question to which it relates is not without difficulty. It would be extremely undesirable to gratify a fanatical passion which Parliament has always ignored, and yet, in so far as convents do come under the same conditions as factories and workshops, there is no reason why they should be exempt from the same inspection. It is to be hoped that the good sense of the Roman Catholic community will see a reasonable compromise in the new clause which Mr. CROSS succeeded in carrying on Thursday.

PRIMITIVE ETIQUETTE.

A COMPLICATED system of etiquette is sometimes taken for the sign of an advanced and luxurious society. One thinks of Spain as it was before the reign of Alfonso XII.—Spain where the minutiae of the cloister were engrafted on the rules of the seraglio, where the King was adored—and almost garrotted by his huge tight *golilla*—while the Queen was worshipped and imprisoned. The most powerful people were the most enslaved. The King's limbs were not his own. Each belonged to some highly favoured nobleman; one courtier claimed the right leg, and another the left; and the monarch could not put on his shirt without the permission of the chamberlain. Absolutism in government went along with abject submission in manners. Yet if any one wants to see etiquette in its perfection, he must look not so much at the European Courts of the sixteenth century as at the kraals of Hottentots and the roofless shelters which Australian savages raise to keep the wind away. Society invents rules of manners, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has been saying in the *Fortnightly Review*, before it has kings or even chiefs to dictate laws of conduct. It is easy to see that, though manners and morals blend with each other so that they cannot be separated by any hard and fast line, yet politeness, in a sense, is older than virtue. The idea of morality contains some notion of obedience to powers of wide dominion, human or divine. Courtesy, on the other hand, must exist if a group of men, women, and children are to herd together with any comfort in a cave or on the sheltered side of a wood. We may be sure that the Cyclopes, who had no laws, nor kings, nor public assemblies, but ruled each over his own family, demanded some sort of good behaviour from their wives and children. We have plenty of examples of the odd forms which primitive courtesy takes, and they will be found not much less complicated and apparently senseless than the etiquette which stifled the Court of Spain.

As soon as any one tries to disengage etiquette from religious observances and the performance of moral duties, he finds how hard a task he has undertaken. A ceremonial exists, and is sanctioned by religion, and no one can say with absolute certainty whether it took its origin in superstition, politeness, or rudimentary morality. *Tabu* is perhaps a point of etiquette; in its beginning it may have been a distant sort of behaviour caused by respect to chiefs, or to husbands, or to any odd thing in nature which might possibly turn out to be supernatural. If a woman is not allowed to eat the same food as her husband, that food is *tabu*, and the prohibition may be part of domestic, as distinguished from social or religious, etiquette. Thus Herodotus mentions (i. 140) that the wives of the early Ionians would not eat with their husbands, nor ever call their lords by their names, and he gives a reason for this conduct—namely, that the ancestors of the ladies were Carians, whom the Ionians murdered. If we cross the wide gulf between the archaic Ionians and the Spaniards of Mme. d'Aulnoy's time, we find that this etiquette is but slightly modified. Spanish ladies eat with their husbands, but not at the same table. "Le couvert était mis sur une table pour les hommes, et il y avait à terre, sur le tapis, une nappe étendue avec trois couverts, pour Doña Teresa, moi, et ma fille." Mme. d'Aulnoy was not accustomed, as she says, to this sort of treatment; she could not get into a comfortable position, and the lady of the house did not notice her anguish, because she supposed that women sat on the ground at dinner in France as well as in Spain. The host, however, observed the dismay of Mme. d'Aulnoy, and insisted that she should take a chair; but Doña Teresa did not dare to do so, nor even to look at the men who were present. "Elle ne levait les yeux sur eux qu'à la dérobée." The coincidence thus established between forms of etiquette prevailing among people separated by time, race, and religion is so odd, that one may fancy some powerful original motive first separated husband and wife at dinner. Now let us examine for a moment the rules of courtesy among the gentle Bulgarians, whose customs are as interesting as their national existence is inconvenient. In a poem called "The Sun's Marriage"—and what popular poem can have a more primitive title?—we find this advice given to Grozdanka, the Bride of the Sun, by her mother:—

Grozdanka, mother's treasure, mine,
For nine whole years I suckled thee,
For nine months see thou say no word
To thy good-father, and good-mother,
And to the Sun that marries thee.

Here is strict etiquette indeed; the Sun's wife may not even speak to him, just as the wives of the Ionians might not call their husbands by their names. The prohibition still exists, M. Dozon tells us:—"Newly married women must be absolutely silent for a longer or shorter period, perhaps a month or more. They are relieved from the obligation when the husband presents them with a gift. The custom is felt to be ridiculous, and is falling into disuse in the towns, if not in the villages" (*Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, p. 172). Clearly the essence of all this etiquette, Ionian, Spanish, Bulgarian, lies in a recognized strangeness, if not hostility, between the wife on one side and the husband and his relations on the other. It would be tedious to examine very many cases of the same customary estrangement, but the example of the Caffres is so odd that it cannot be overlooked. The Caffre name for etiquette is Hlonipa; there is an etiquette of the family, an etiquette of the tribe, and, among the Zulus, an advanced people, an etiquette of the nation. The women must not mention the name of their father-in-law, and they hide, or pretend to hide, when they meet their sons-in-law. It used to be the custom at Eton for boys to "shirk" when they met a master out of bounds. Shirking was a mere legal fiction; a stout boy might hide himself behind a slim lamp-post, and the master was bound to behave as if the lad were satisfactorily concealed. In the same way, if a Zulu lady encounters her son-in-law in a place where there is no cover, she "hlonipas," or "shirks," by tying a piece of grass round her head, as a sign that she complies with custom, and is in fact invisible. There may be married men in civilized countries who would like to see primitive etiquette revived. They could endure to be deprived of the society of their mothers-in-law, and would be glad to see these ladies "hlonipa" behind a curtain or under a sofa when they enter a room. One can hardly believe, however, that the modern aversion to mothers-in-law is the cause of the primitive etiquette. A Zulu who did not like his wife's mother would probably give her a gentle hint with an assegai that her company was not wanted. One cannot suspect a Bulgarian of any delicacy as to this, or indeed as to any other, subject.

Even if this modern explanation is used, it does not explain another piece of Caffre family courtesy. "All the females in any way related to the girl's family will never call her husband by his name." Perhaps it would be rash to decide that all this strange and distant behaviour towards each other of persons intimately connected is a survival from a time when wives were taken in war, when their tribe was hostile to that of their lords, and when, as in an instance mentioned by Herodotus, and as happens now among some South American races, husband and wife always spoke a different language. The nine months' silence of the Bulgarian bride would be easily explained if brides were unable in some distant past to make themselves understood till they had learned a new speech. One thing seems tolerably certain. The old Ionian etiquette, to which, says Herodotus, the women bound themselves and their daughters by an oath, is not an isolated fact. It must be explained on some principle that equally applies to the etiquette of Caribs, Caffres, and Bulgarians.

Quite apart from the practices left by the earliest sort of family feuds, a whole chapter of primitive etiquette is concerned with names. No one knows what would happen if the Speaker in the House of Commons were to "name" an honourable member. This painful ignorance of possible consequences is felt by most savage races. "It would be a violation of good manners," says Mr. Lewis Morgan, "for an Indian to speak to another Indian by his name." The Caffres use the most serious precautions to avoid even the appearance of taking the King's name in vain. As soon as a new monarch grasps the ancestral assegai, and hangs out the tiger's tail over his hut, his name becomes sacred. It may not be used in ordinary discourse, and, to avoid puns, no word remotely resembling it in sound may be employed. The consequence is a rapid and radical change of the language in obedience to etiquette. Women must shun anything like the sound even of the names of remote ancestors of the Royal family. Thus in England, if Caffre etiquette prevailed, we could not talk of the Georgics of Virgil, or mention Sussex Street, or whisper a reference to the Albert Memorial. The Zulu women may not call water "amanzi," because there is a z in the name of a late king. In this respect our manners are the very reverse of those of savages; and we revel in our Albert Biscuits and Lorne Whisky with a sense of loyalty, not of irreverence. On the other hand, the modesty which forbids a European to call his father or grandfather Jack or Tom is exaggerated among ruder races. Over about two-thirds of the globe, roughly speaking, all kinsfolk address each other by complicated terms expressive of distant degrees of relationship. We may call a distant cousin "Jim"; but an Iroquois would solemnly say "Second cousin by the mother's side, thrice removed, can you lend me a dollar?" or whatever it might be. There is probably some superstition at the bottom of this aversion to the use of personal names. In New Caledonia the natives often give their children the names of natural objects, as Morning Star, Sweet Potato, or Thunder Cloud, as it happens. If the child dies, the old name must no longer be given to the natural object; and the Morning Star and Sweet Potato receive fresh appellations. The result is that New Caledonian dialects are excessively fluctuating, and near neighbours soon find out that they cannot understand each other. Perhaps the refined modern habit of giving strange names in announcements of deaths and marriages has some relation to the savage etiquette. "At 15 Jemina Buildings, Thomas ('Wee Wobbles'), infant son of John Robin-

son." "At St. Swithin's, Henry Jones, to Mary Brown ('Piggy'), daughter of the late — Brown, Esq., of Hackney Wick." These are examples of announcements which have often amazed us, and it is not easy to see why brides and dead infants should be publicly insulted. The unexplored and mysterious etiquette of the middle classes has doubtless savage analogies, but the eye of comparative science can pry no further. For the present, it may be enough to observe that savages do not conceal, but shout aloud in the streets, the "strong" or "honour-giving" names of their great men. In the same way the civilized snob always pronounces the title of any earls and dukes he may happen to know, as it were, with the voice of a trumpet.

There is one rude ceremonial observance which can hardly be connected, like others we have noticed, with mere domestic discipline. We refer to "Tabu days" in the South Sea Islands. Ellis the missionary says:—"Except those whose attendance is required at the temples, no individual is to be seen out of doors." Again, "If any one made a noise on a tabu day, he must die." Substitute Sunday for tabu day, and you have the Scotch view of Sabbath observance. Whistling on Sunday is no longer punishable by death, but walking about on the Lord's day, "except by those whose attendance is required at the temples," is "Sabbath desecration" of the deepest dye. Perhaps Dr. Begg and his devotees will argue that the Polynesians retain a fond memory of Sunday as it ought to be, from days when they dwelt by Jordan, and that tabu days are only a survival of the Sabbath. No doubt this view may be advocated among others. One school of thinkers will say that Dr. Begg's Sunday was bequeathed to him by savages, and another that the Polynesians' tabu day was bequeathed to them by saints. The argument cuts both ways.

Among forms of etiquette which have changed, sniffing may be noticed. It used to be a substitute for kissing, and an expression of pleasure in the society of the person sniffed at. Sniffing is no longer understood in this sense. To "dance at" any one now is not to show signs of reverent esteem. The nobles in Loango, however, "dance at" the King, and he rather likes it. Mr. Herbert Spencer "indicates the physio-psychological sources" of these and other rhythmic expressions of sentiment, which, as he justly observes, Mr. Tylor does not do. Perhaps Mr. Tylor did not think it worth while. It has been shown that complicated rules of etiquette belong often to rude times; but it might be more difficult to prove that manners become more polished and simple as laws of etiquette grow less grievous and intricate.

THE ELECTION OF LEO XIII.

BEFORE venturing on any speculations as to the future policy of Leo XIII., it may be as well to correct a few of the more serious blunders about his election which have formed the staple of the reports and comments on the subject in the English newspapers. It would indeed be impossible to criticize in detail all the conflicting, but equally erroneous, accounts of the proceedings in Conclave supplied by various Roman Correspondents, and we shall content ourselves with briefly recording presently what actually occurred. But meanwhile we may add a word to what we said last week on the history of Conclaves in view of the marvellous romance put forward, in an elaborate paper on "the Laws of the Sacred Conclave," evidently designed to enlighten the ignorance of the Protestant world, in last week's *Tablet*. The opening sentence is sufficiently remarkable, though it hardly calls for any comment here. "It is an undoubted fact that all the Popes have reigned by election. St. Peter himself was elected by our Lord Jesus Christ." But the writer proceeds, "It is equally undisputed that the Pope can only be elected by persons who are themselves in sacred orders." It is, we must not say "undisputed"—as the *Tablet* has produced a contributor bold enough to deny it—but perfectly notorious that just the opposite is the case. Lay Cardinals, or Cardinals in minor orders only, have often taken part in Conclaves—we mentioned last week the case of the Cardinal Archduke Albert, who voted in the election of Urban VII., and afterwards returned to secular life and married; and there have been three lay Popes, Leo VIII., John XIX., and Adrian V. It is true that of late years there has been a disposition to insist on Cardinals taking at least sub-deacon's orders before entering Conclave, as was done by Cardinal Albani in 1823; and as this is rather a sore point with Ultramontanes, the mistake may perhaps not be altogether involuntary. But what are we to say of the next assertion of our historical guide:—"From St. Linus down to Celestine II., A.D. 1143, the Popes were chosen by the Roman clergy in the presence of the people, who, however, had no share in the election." We read this sentence over and over again, thinking we must have somehow misread it; but no—there it stands just as we have quoted it, though the merest tiro in ecclesiastical history must be aware that not a word of it is even approximately correct. The election of the Popes "from St. Linus" (St. Peter's successor) down to, not Celestine II. in 1143, but Nicholas II. in 1059—was in the hands of the whole Roman community—civil authorities, people, and clergy—the two former taking usually the more prominent part in it. The Papacy had in fact become, throughout the tenth and the earlier part of the eleventh century, virtually a possession of the dominant faction among the Roman nobility, and the scandalous contest preceding his own election was the immediate cause of the decree issued by Nicholas II., which, as Milman words

it, "wrested the power of nominating the Pope from the lower clergy, the turbulent barons, and the populace," and transferred it to the College of Cardinals. The *Tablet* historian proceeds, "It was in the twelfth century that the Sacred College were first made the electors"; and after explaining why this was done, our contemporary adds that "for these reasons Celestine II. determined that for the future none but the Cardinals should take part in the election of Popes." Celestine II. was elected nearly a century after the rule which is thus attributed to his initiative had been established, and was elected of course by Cardinals only, "clero et populo acclamante et partim expetente," as his own letters phrase it, but it is expressly added that they took no part in the election, nor could they possibly have done so. And the notion of his introducing the most momentous change ever made in the system of Papal elections will appear the more absurd when it is remembered that his reign lasted less than six months, and was signalized by no act of the slightest importance, except the removal of the unjust interdict imposed on France by his predecessor, out of mere personal pique against Louis VII. After these striking specimens of historical knowledge, all of which are taken from the short opening paragraph of the *Tablet* article on Conclaves, we may perhaps be excused from pursuing the investigation further.

If, however, the *Tablet* is not happy in its history, the *Times* would appear to be something more than felicitous in its predictions. The letter of its Special Correspondent at Rome, under date of Feb. 18—the day the Cardinals entered into Conclave—concludes with the following very remarkable passage:—

Between a majority apparently weakened by division and a compact minority determined to do or die, the prospects of a speedy end to an election which requires the agreement of two-thirds of the votes do not seem encouraging; but there are causes at work to advise promptness of decision, and there would be no reason to wonder if the *Habemus* [sic] Pontificem were proclaimed even before this letter reaches its destination.

That an elaborate and very plausible argument intended to show—what most people at the time believed—that the Conclave was likely to be a very long one, should abruptly terminate with an intimation that after all it would probably turn out to be—as it has been—one of the shortest ever known, does certainly at first sight argue a rare gift of vaticination. But some light may perhaps be thrown on the difficulty by observing that the letter dated "Rome, Feb. 18," the day the Cardinals went into Conclave, only appeared in the *Times* of Feb. 22, two days after the election was known in England. And it seems just conceivable that the Correspondent's not very "encouraging"—and quite mistaken—conclusion was supplemented by a retrospective inspiration of Printing House Square. Nor is this supposition necessarily discredited by the peculiar form of the prediction, "*Habemus pontificem*." Inspiration, like Emperors, may fairly claim—as indeed was conspicuously illustrated in the dictation of our Lady of La Salette—to be *super grammaticam*. And now for a word as to the real circumstances of the election, which have been very variously metamorphosed by the ingenuity of writers whose acquaintance with present facts may fairly match the *Tablet's* familiarity with past history.

The Conclave which last week elected Leo XIII. is the shortest ever known, with the one exception of that in 1655 which elected Alexander VII. The first voting was on Tuesday morning, February 19, when, of sixty-one Cardinals present, the majority voted for Pecci, and several other "moderates" for Franchi, while "the intransigent faction" split their votes between Bilio and Monaco la Valetta. At the second meeting on Tuesday afternoon Franchi had 15 votes, Bilio 11, and Pecci 30. But on Wednesday morning Pecci had 39, while Franchi had only 5 supporters, who at his request transferred their suffrages to Pecci; and thus raised the number to 44, which secured him the required majority of two-thirds and at once made him Pope. It will be observed that he was not elected "by adoration," as the telegrams absurdly stated, meaning probably by acclamation—or, as it is canonically termed, inspiration—of which no instance has occurred for above three centuries. It was at once remarked as a curious coincidence that, while his escutcheon bears on its two lower divisions a lily, the left-hand quartering above has a comet, as though in reference to his predicted motto of *lumen de caelo*. Bonghi in his recent work, reviewed in the current *Edinburgh Review*, speaks of Pecci as "certainly one of the most eminent men, and one of the most conciliatory, soundest, and strongest minds among the Cardinals. He has studied well, ruled well, and has been a distinguished Bishop. We may say that in his whole character he presents the very ideal of a Cardinal." As we have referred again to the mottoes assigned to the several Popes in St. Malachy's prophecy—first printed in 1593, but believed to be of somewhat older date—it may be worth while to give the few which still remain, for the oracle only specifies nine successors to his present Holiness, who are respectively designated, *Ignis ardens, Religio depopulata, Fides intrepida, Pastor Angelicus, Pastor et Nauta, Flos Florum, De Medietate Lune, De Labore Solis, Gloria Olive*, after which follows the solemn announcement of the end:—"In the last persecution of the Holy Roman Church the Chair shall be filled by Peter, a Roman, who shall feed the flock amid many tribulations, which being accomplished, the seven-hilled city shall be overthrown, and the tremendous Judge shall come to judge the nations." Among former prophecies, putting aside the device of *Crux de Cruce* for Pius IX., in apparent reference to the Cross of Savoy, two of the most striking are *Peregrinus Apostolicus* applied to Pius VI., and *Aquila rapax* to Pius VII., who was carried away by the French eagles.

We remarked last week on the problematical nature of any inferences as to the future policy of a Pope drawn from his antecedents before attaining that supreme and irresponsible authority. The contrast between Eneas Silvius and Pius II. is a classical instance, but in fact the annals of the Papacy abound with examples of the change, both moral and intellectual—generally not for the better—which distinguishes a Pope *in esse* from a Pope *in posse*. However there appears to be a very general agreement that the antecedents of Leo XIII. promise well, and it will be his own fault if he disappoints so many hopes of those who are prepared to meet him half way in any manifestation of a desire to supersede the long and disastrous reign of Ultramontane terrorism. And it must in fairness be allowed that the little he has had an opportunity of doing as yet points in that direction. We cannot but think that too much stress has been laid on the fact of the benediction after the election being given from the inner instead of the outer balcony of St. Peter's. It may or may not be true that the new pontiff hesitated for a moment at the branching of the ways, uncertain which gallery he should mount, but it might easily occur to him that there would be a semblance of indecorum in seizing the very first occasion—and that in a matter of no practical consequence—for a public proclamation of the reversal of his predecessor's policy. And the same explanation will hold good if it is rightly reported that the Coronation on Sunday next is to take place in the Sixtine Chapel and the subsequent benediction to be again pronounced from the inner balcony of St. Peter's. Meanwhile in more important matters the new Pope has already shown a conciliatory disposition. As Camerlengo he had ordered the State carriages to be refurbished, and since his election he has directed Castel Gondolfo to be prepared for his use, from which it is naturally inferred that the self-imposed "imprisonment" is coming to an end. And the *Voce della Verità*, in an article said to be inspired, has eulogized the Italian Government for its faithful observance of the law of Papal guarantees. There is something even in the choice of a name, for the Ultramontanes wished that the new pontiff should signalize his loyal adherence to the policy of the last reign by calling himself Pius X. There are no hostile or aggressive memories connected with the pontificate of the Leos, and indeed few special memories of any kind since St. Leo, the first and greatest of that name, boldly confronted Attila on the borders of Italy and saved Rome and the Empire from destruction; for the warmest admirers, if such there be, of Leo X. would desire rather to remember that he was a Medici than that he became a Pope. Far more significant, however, than any of the points we have mentioned is the dismissal of General Kanzler, War Minister of the late Pope, and the appointment of Schwarzenberg as Camerlengo. The first indicates an abandonment of the empty but offensive formalities of the defunct temporal power; the second points to an altered line of ecclesiastical policy. Cardinal Schwarzenberg held a leading place in the Opposition at the Vatican Council, as he had before opposed the definition of the Immaculate Conception. And his selection for his new office is the more marked because, while the Camerlengo is one of the very highest dignitaries in the Papal Court, he has no special duties to discharge except during a vacancy of the See, and it is therefore usual to confer the office on a Cardinal resident in Rome, who would always be in readiness on the spot at the Pope's decease; and the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague obviously cannot reside in Rome. It is reported also that the entire *personnel* of the Court is to be changed, and if Cardinal Simeoni has been confirmed in his office—according to one account at the entreaty of Baron Baudé, the Ultramontane French ambassador—that may be a concession more in form than in reality, for the duties of a Secretary of State have become comparatively unimportant since the cessation of all temporal sovereignty, and moreover we may be very sure that, whoever fills the office now, his policy will be dictated from head-quarters. What is that policy to be? An "Irish Catholic" writes to the *Times* observing, what is obvious, that "there will be great temptation for Leo XIII. to follow in the footsteps of Pius IX., for to most churchmen despotism is sweet, and the late Pope has made it easy for his successor"; but he adds that "the rule of Pio Nono was unpropitious to Ireland," and that in no part of the world would a continuance of the same system be so intolerable. If that is the sentiment of a country rendered by exceptional circumstances so passionately papal as Ireland, what must it be elsewhere?

It has been said that a new Pope cannot alter the doctrines of the Church, and of course in one sense this is true. A formal repudiation of the portentous innovations foisted by Pius IX. and the Jesuits into the Catholic creed would certainly not be thought of. But the same end may be attained in another way, and dogmas known to be unpalatable to a large number of those who are officially assumed to acquiesce in them only require being let alone to die a natural death. No sensible man, for instance, seriously imagines that the leaders of the Vatican Opposition have offered the tribute of more than an "obsequious silence" to the doctrinal decree against which they publicly recorded their protest, both by word and deed, on the very eve of its promulgation, and of which their unretreated writings contain the most clementine refutation. Yet the first act of the new pontiff was to select one of the most eminent among them for the highest dignity he had to bestow. It is obvious that he might in the same way do what would in him be a graceful recognition of distinguished merit and in itself an act of tardy reparation, by making Dr. Newman a Cardinal. Then again he might remove the excommunication pronounced on Dr. Döllinger, not by Pius IX. but by the Archbishop of Munich, and suspend all censures grounded on the Vatican

decrees pending the continuance of the Council, which it may be presumed he will summon sooner or later to carry on its deliberations. And if men like Strossmayer, Hefele, and Dollinger were expressly encouraged to attend and bring forward their objections to the present form of the obnoxious decrees, and were promised the fair hearing which in 1870 was scornfully refused them, that would fall far short of the precedent set at the Council of Trent, when even professed Protestants were invited and urged to attend and state their case, and when moreover many decrees were most substantially altered in deference to the objections of only a very small minority, as any one who will examine Theiner's *Acta Concilii Tridentini* may easily satisfy himself. We have but briefly indicated some of the modes of action, involving no ostensible compromise of principle, open to a Pope of real power, who is sincerely desirous of repairing the disastrous heritage bequeathed by the last reign to the highest interests of his Church in the sphere not only of politics, but of literature, of thought, and of religion. That Leo XIII. will attempt anything of the kind we do not venture to predict, for predictions about the conduct of Popes, even when they are well grounded, are apt to be falsified by the event. But we can hardly be mistaken in surmising that, if he set himself honestly to fulfil the expectations which his appointment has raised in so many quarters, though he may provoke the bitter—however secret—hostility of the Jesuit Camarilla, he will find himself supported by the cordial sympathy and respect of the highest intellects and the noblest spirits in his Church.

OUR IRONCLAD FLEET.

IF ironclads, instead of being terrible engines of destruction, had been things liable to change with the caprice of fashion, they could hardly have altered more in form and structure than they have done since the launch of the *Warrior* some eighteen years ago. This is the more striking from the fact that, for a very long period, but little variety was introduced in the English navy. It seems strange now to think that in 1850 the fleet in the Mediterranean consisted principally of sailing line-of-battle ships, not essentially differing, except in size, from those in which, forty-five years before, Nelson and Collingwood had fought. The noble vessel which we have mentioned is still seaworthy and fit for service; but not only has her type been superseded, but even the improved vessels which succeeded her and the ships resembling her have been, to a certain extent, surpassed by another order of ironclad men-of-war, differing even more from those which immediately preceded them than these did from the *Warrior*, the *Achilles*, and the *Black Prince*. The constant increase in the power of guns has made these changes necessary; and it is quite possible that, within a comparatively short space of time, vessels of even greater offensive and defensive power than any now designed will have to be planned, though it is difficult to see how anything which floats is to carry more than the twenty-four inches of armour which cover some parts of the *Inflexible*.

When ironclads were first built it was considered that plates 4½ inches thick would sufficiently protect them, and it was not for several years thought absolutely necessary that the vessels themselves should be of iron, though of course the armour was of that metal. The *Warrior* was entirely of iron; but the *Royal Oak*, *Caledonia*, *Research*, *Prince Consort*, *Zealous*, *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Pallas*, *Repulse*, and others, were armoured wooden vessels. With the exception of the *Lord Warden*, now used for harbour service, and of the *Pallas*, *Research*, and *Repulse*, they have all of them disappeared from the *Navy List*, and one kind of ironclad may therefore be said to have become nearly as obsolete as sailing vessels. The iron *Warrior* was succeeded in 1861 by the *Black Prince*, now carrying an armament of 28 guns, and by the *Defence* and *Resistance*, each carrying 16 guns; and these were followed in 1862 by the *Hector* of 18 guns, and in 1863 by the *Achilles*, of the same size as the *Warrior*, and armed with 14 guns of 12 tons; by the *Minotaur*, with 17 of these guns, and by the *Valiant*, with 18 smaller guns. In 1865 came the *Agincourt* with the same armament as the *Minotaur*, and the *Bellerophon* with ten 12-ton and four 6½-ton guns; and in 1866 the *Northumberland*, with an armament of ten 12-ton and seven 6½-ton guns, was completed. Most of these vessels are in commission, and all of them are fit for service; but the armour which protects them is wanting by much in the strength necessary to resist some forms of modern ordnance. An improvement on all of them was made in the design of the *Hercules* launched in 1868. This man-of-war carries eight 18-ton, two 12-ton, and four 6½-ton guns, and has armour of from 9 to 6 inches in thickness. In 1867 Mr. Reed designed the vessels of the *Invincible* class, which included, in addition to that ship, the *Iron Duke*, *Swiftsure*, *Triumph*, *Audacious*, and the ill-fated *Vanguard*. The armour protecting vessels of this type varies from 8 to 4½ inches in thickness, and they carry twelve 10-ton and two smaller guns. In 1870 the *Sultan* was launched, carrying eight 18-ton guns and four of smaller size, and armoured with plates from 9 to 6 inches thick. In 1875 a great improvement on vessels, which were themselves far beyond the earlier armoured ships, was effected by the completion of the *Alexandra*—the largest and most powerful of broadside ironclads. This vessel has a main-deck battery of eight 18-ton guns, two of which can be fired right ahead, and an upper-

deck battery of two 25-ton and two 18-ton guns, from which fire almost right ahead or right astern is practicable. Her armour varies from 12 to 6 inches in thickness. The engines of this tremendous ironclad, which, as we need hardly remind our readers, is now the flag-ship in the Sea of Marmora, are of 8,615 indicated horse-power, and she has a displacement of 9,492 tons.

The *Shannon*, launched in 1876, is a very different vessel from any which preceded her, as her guns are, on the broadside, unprotected by her armour, which extends only from five feet below the water-line to four feet above it; but her fore-castle is shielded by armour stretching twenty-six feet aft on either side, so that she would be defended from a raking fire ahead. Her armament consists of two 18-ton and seven 12-ton guns, and fire from two guns can be delivered right ahead. The *Shannon's* engines are of 3,370 horse-power indicated, and she is of 5,103 tons displacement. To a certain extent resembling this vessel, but greatly superior in some respects to her, are the *Nelson* and *Northampton*, which were also launched in 1876. The length of each of these ships is 280 feet, and they are protected by a belt of armour from 9 to 6 inches thick, extending on each side 181 feet along the water-line, and reaching from 5 feet below it to 4 feet above it. At each end of these belts is an armoured bulk-head rising from the lower part of the belt to a height of 22 feet, so as to give a shield against fire ahead or fire astern. The battery is unprotected at the sides, and the ends of the vessel forward and aft of the two bulkheads are also unprotected; but the lower deck, which is on a level with the upper edge of the armour-plate, is itself plated, and armoured decks are carried from the base of the forward and after bulkhead to the ram and to the stern. The machinery and magazines are thus defended by armour, a considerable part of that at the sides being 9 inches thick, and, to compensate for this weight of metal, large portions of the vessel are left unplated. In older ironclads the armour, as has been shown, varied considerably in thickness; but in the *Nelson* and *Northampton*, and in the *Shannon*, the system of giving great protection to the vital parts of a ship, and of leaving much of the rest of her unarmoured, was first applied. This system, differently applied, has since been carried further in the *Inflexible*. The *Nelson* and *Northampton* have a displacement of 7,323 tons, and their engines are of 6,000 indicated horse-power. Different from these vessels, different from the *Alexandra*, was the *Temeraire*, launched in 1876. This ship carries a main-deck battery of two 25-ton and four 18-ton guns; while on the upper deck she has two fixed turrets, open at the top. In each of these is a 25-ton gun, which, when it has to be fired, is elevated above the edge of the turret, and lowered again to be loaded. These guns are on turntables, so that they can be pointed in any direction. One of the turrets is covered with 8-inch and the other with 10-inch plates. A portion of the water-line of the vessel and her main-deck battery are protected by armour of from 11 to 8 inches in thickness. Her engines have an indicated horse-power of 7,700, and her displacement is 8,412 tons.

Very largely, then, did the construction of ironclads change, and more than one phase did it go through, between the launch of the *Warrior* in 1860 and that of the *Temeraire* in 1876. In the above brief account the names of most of the vessels of this kind have been given, but not of all which were built during this period, and want of space prevents us at present from attempting any description of the class of enlarged monitors, to which the *Rupert*, *Glatton*, and *Hotspur* belong. A large amount of detailed information respecting armoured vessels is now easily accessible in the Report on the war ships of Europe, by Mr. J. W. King, chief engineer of the United States Navy, which has recently been published in this country.

It has been seen that the broadside system was, after being much improved, united with turrets, and it now remains to notice those great vessels in which the whole armament is carried in turrets, broadside guns being altogether abandoned. To this order all the most powerful ironclads will in future probably belong. The first considerable vessel of the kind—putting aside the *Hotspur* and *Glatton* class—was the *Monarch*, launched in 1868, carrying four 25-ton and two 6½-ton guns, with armour of from 6 to 7 inches in thickness. The displacement in tons of this ship is 8,322, and the engines are of 7,842 indicated horse-power. It will be seen that the armour here is of but moderate strength, and this vessel has been greatly surpassed by the *Devastation*, launched in 1871 and completed in 1873, by the *Thunderer*, launched in 1872, and by the *Dreadnought*, launched in 1875. The *Devastation* carries four 35-ton guns in turrets, protected by 14 and 12-inch armour. That which in part defends her sides only extends 3 feet 7 inches above the water-line, and is from 10 to 12 inches in thickness, and that on the breastwork rising amidships is of the same strength. She has a large fore-castle, and on either side of the breastwork light sides have been carried up above the true sides of the ship and superstructures have been formed containing cabins. The *Devastation* is of 9,190 tons displacement, and her engines indicate 6,652 horse-power. Similar to her, in construction and size, is the *Thunderer*, of the same tonnage and of 6,270 horse-power, which however carries two 38 and two 35-ton guns. The *Dreadnought* exceeds both these vessels in size, and is at present the largest British man-of-war ready for service. In this ship an armoured belt, varying from 14 to 8 inches in thickness, covers the whole water-line; and amidships the armour rises to a height of twelve feet, so as to form a central castle or citadel, as in the *Inflexible*. Two 38-ton guns are carried in each of the turrets, which have armour of a total thickness of 14 inches. The displacement of

the *Dreadnought* is 10,886 tons, and her engines are of 8,000 indicated horse-power. It should be stated that the turrets of this vessel and of the *Devastation* and *Thunderer*, unlike the fixed turrets of the *Temeraire*, revolve, and that the guns are fired through ports. One mast, only to be used for signal purposes and not for carrying sail, is placed in each of these ships.

We now come to the *Inflexible*, a vessel which has attracted more attention than any other of the present day, both because she is the latest type of an ironclad, and because disbelief in her safety has been expressed with so much vehemence. The Report of the Committee respecting her has already been twice noticed in our columns; but it may be well again to describe this ship, as the slightest sketch of the armoured fleet would be incomplete without some account of her, and the nature of the objections made to her cannot be understood without a knowledge of her construction. The *Inflexible*, which is of 11,500 tons displacement and has engines of 8,000 indicated horse-power, consists of an armoured central citadel with two armoured turrets and of unarmoured ends. The citadel occupies about one-third of the length, and of the other two-thirds forming the ends the Committee say that

The greater portion of that part which is under water is isolated from the superstructure, and its buoyancy secured as against artillery by a shot-proof deck placed from 6 to 8 feet below the water-line. Over the shot-proof deck at a level a little above the water-line comes the middle deck, and the entire space between the two decks is divided into compartments arranged partly to carry coal and partly stores, packed in water-tight tanks, forming further subdivisions of the space. Next the sides of the ship the compartments are about 4 feet wide, and are filled with cork, and inside this again are compartments 2 feet wide filled with layers of canvas and oakum, which by experiment are found to partially close holes made by shot passing through and to check the flow of water. The cork and canvas compartments are carried above the main deck 4 and 2 feet respectively, and the superstructure is completed to the level of the top of the citadel, and flush with it by an upper deck running the whole length of the vessel; the space above the middle deck affording accommodation for officers and crew.

The ship thus consists of a central armoured citadel, rising well out of the water, and of two submerged ends, on which are raised unarmoured structures, completing the form of the ship, providing liberal space for officers and crew, for stores and fuel, and intended to give the requisite reserve of stability.

On the citadel the armour is of three strengths; that in the water-line strake being twenty-four inches thick, that above the main deck twenty inches thick, and that in the under-water strake, extending six feet below the water-line, sixteen inches thick. It was originally intended that the turret plating should have a thickness of eighteen inches; but it would seem that this matter is not yet finally decided. The turrets carry two 80-ton guns, which can be fired directly ahead or directly astern. It will be seen then that, both in armament and in thickness of plating, the *Inflexible* greatly exceeds any other ironclad, and that her type differs from that of the *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, and also from that of the *Dreadnought*. The object aimed at in her design was to protect the vital parts of the ship, and so to construct the unarmoured ends that, if they were pierced by a great number of shot, she yet would not sink or lose her stability. This the designers believed they had achieved; but, as is well known, Mr. Reed urged certain objections to the vessel with such vigour and persistency that the Committee was appointed whose Report has attracted so much attention. It might be thought by most people who have read that well-reasoned paper that it was conclusive against Mr. Reed's views; but he possesses a quality said to be peculiar to Englishmen, and perhaps more valuable in actions by sea or land than in battles with pen and ink. He does not know when he is beaten. In the present case, on the appearance of the Report, he renewed his attack on the *Inflexible*, and denounced some of the remarks of the Committee as "frivolous disquisitions." To those who have any acquaintance with the subject it is extremely ludicrous to find this expression applied to the work of such men as Mr. Froude, Dr. Woolley, and Sir James Hope by Mr. Reed. Though an able naval architect, he certainly is not a supreme authority on naval architecture, or entitled to speak as though his opinion was conclusive. As was pointed out in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* of last month, there have been mistakes in the designs of vessels planned by him. It is true that these are not mistakes for which very severe blame is deserved, being such as a man of considerable knowledge may make in dealing with so very difficult a subject; but the recollection of them should certainly prevent Mr. Reed from speaking with so much confidence on matters relating to the building of men-of-war. Moreover, the questions raised with regard to the *Inflexible* are not merely questions for a naval architect. They also relate to gunnery, on which Mr. Reed does not speak with any special authority. His warmest admirer would hardly claim for his views on matters relating to artillery any weight as opposed to those of Sir James Hope and Mr. Rendel. His opinions, however, have been very decidedly expressed, and a certain amount of attention has been given to them. He has said that the *Inflexible* is unsafe, and that, after an action, her capsizing would be no improbable contingency. Now it would be difficult to find any set of men less likely to be affected by timidity than English sailors; but the courage of the boldest seaman may be shaken

by want of confidence in his vessel. It is of paramount importance at this time that no doubts should be felt as to our greatest ironclad, and we therefore again take up this subject to point out the fallacy of Mr. Reed's views, which, under other circumstances, would certainly not require so much notice.

The principal objection made by him was that the cork chambers would be liable to speedy destruction, and that the *Inflexible* would then be without stability and liable to capsize. "It may be true," he said, "that the vessel has stability when the cork chambers are 'riddled,' but 'wherever a shell bursts 'riddling' will not be the result, but complete destruction of the surrounding chambers." On this point the Committee reported that the blowing out of the cork and stores by the action of shell fire was not likely to happen early in an engagement, and was in a high degree improbable in an engagement protracted to any extent which could reasonably be anticipated. This view Mr. Reed refuses to accept, and it may be well therefore to show, as fortunately can be very easily done, how right the Committee are and how entirely mistaken are Mr. Reed and his followers.

It should be borne in mind that the *Inflexible* will retain considerable stability if her cork chambers are merely "riddled," but that, if they are completely blown out, her stability will be much impaired. There are four of these cork chambers, or belts, in the vessel, one on each side of the unarmoured ends, each belt of cork being 63 feet in length, 4 feet thick, and extending from seven feet below water to five feet above it. It is certain—though Mr. Reed, not being versed in artillery questions, does not seem to have been aware of the fact—that a percussion shell striking one of these belts would travel from six to ten feet after striking before exploding, and would therefore, unless striking very obliquely, explode, not in the cork, so as to tear it to pieces, but some distance inside it, and would merely cut a hole in the cork wall. Let it be supposed that the space over which the walls extend is divided chessboard fashion into divisions three feet square. In each wall there would be eighty-four of these squares, and in the four walls 336 squares. Now a shot from an ordinary broadside gun, planted in the centre of each of these squares, would not be sufficient to punch the wall to pieces; and therefore 336 exact hits, nearly two-thirds of which would have to be below water, would not utterly destroy the cork walls. But it need hardly be said that in action such extreme exactitude in hitting would not be practicable, and indeed could not be approached; and it is clear that the number of shots required to effect the destruction which Mr. Reed anticipated would have to be counted by thousands. With the larger projectiles, of course, not so many would be necessary; but even of these a far greater number than the *Inflexible* is in the least likely to receive in action would be required. No further refutation of anything advanced by Mr. Reed, no further proof of the defensive power of this vessel, need be given; but it is to be regretted that a gentleman of his deserved reputation should have allowed himself to make mistakes of so transparent a nature. Since, however, he has reiterated his attacks on the design of the *Inflexible*, and since it is extremely important at this time that there should be no groundless alarm about our latest and most powerful ironclad, this exposure of his errors has become necessary.

Curiously enough, at one time Mr. Reed seems to have held views almost diametrically opposed to those which he now maintains. At a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects in 1876*, when Mr. Brassey's paper on unarmoured ships was discussed, Mr. Reed spoke with emphasis as to the impropriety of sending to the Pacific the *Shah* armed only with comparatively light guns, so that she would have to run away from small ironclads; the essence of the impropriety being, according to him, not that the *Shah* was unarmoured, but that she did not carry armour-piercing guns, and he contrasted her with his own vessel the *Inconstant*, which is also unarmoured, but which carries a battery of such guns. Captain Hall, R.N., said at this meeting that, if in command of the *Inconstant*, "he should not have known what to have done if he met with an ironclad; with such a powerful armament he would not have been justified in running away, and yet he could not have engaged with any prospect of success"; for shrapnell shell, or common shell, striking the *Inconstant* at the water-line, might "have sunk her in a few minutes." Mr. Reed said that "he had listened with pain to the argument from naval officers that they would rather go and command the *Shah*, in which they must of necessity run away from such vessels"—to wit, ironclads—"than the *Inconstant*, in which they could sink them." No doubt, in her action with the *Huascar*, the *Shah*, owing to the wonderful skill with which she was handled, and to the wretched gunnery of the Peruvians, did not have her hull pierced; but such good fortune cannot always be expected in actions with armoured ships. That fine and not inappropriately named ship of Mr. Reed's the *Inconstant* has no armour, no protection to her vital parts. Every portion of her side is as penetrable by shot as are the unarmoured ends of the *Inflexible*. A few well-placed shots might disable her absolutely, since they might reach a vital part. A moderate number of shots on the water-line might sink her. Yet the *Inconstant* might, according to Mr. Reed, engage in a contest with an ironclad, while the *Inflexible*, with her vital parts protected by armour of from 24 to 16 inches in thickness, and so constructed that when her unarmoured ends are riddled with shot she will yet possess both buoyancy and stability, is so unsafe that visions of her possible

* Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects for 1876. Pp. 20, 21, 25.

fate haunted Mr. Reed when he was lately in the stokehole of an ironclad. Such sensibility is very touching; but why are the crew of the *Inconstant* not to have the benefit of it as well as that of the *Inflexible*? Happily it is likely to be altogether superfluous so far as regards the latter. There will be small reason to fear for English ships if the Admiralty designers never plan a worse vessel than this mighty ironclad.

MR. MORRIS ON DECORATIVE ART.

SO much nonsense is talked about art, and especially about decorative art, by tasteless and tedious people who follow a fashion, that it is not quite easy at first to listen seriously to serious remarks on the subject. The mind is vexed with memories of the figures of pedantic frumps whose odd dresses call attention to their want of natural charms, and even of tidiness. The ears are tired by the jargon of "right" and "wrong," and the clamour of unintelligent fanatics. An address which Mr. William Morris lately delivered before the Trades' Guild of Learning, and which has been published by Messrs. Ellis and White, deals with decorative art in a serious style. It does not need much reflection to see how important the topic really is. All art is an expression of the life, moral and intellectual, of a people and of an age. To put the matter bluntly, art is "evidence to character." Very often it is the only evidence we have.

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Scul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.

But for the art, and mainly the decorative art, of Assyria and of Egypt, we could know but very little of the luxury, and cruelty, and skill—of the life, in short—of fallen empires. Art is at least as certain an indication of the character of a race as manners are of the character of a man. The sources, to be sure, both of manners and of art lie deep in the national or the individual personality. A coarse and callous fellow cannot be made a gentleman by superficial attempts to refine his deportment. His interest in his own character, however, may be awakened, and his attempts to reform it may be stimulated, if he chances to notice the difference between his own rough ways and those of courteous people. In the same way, if a civilized country becomes "convinced of sin" in its art, it may be led to believe that there is something not wholly sound in its general conceptions of life, in its desires, aims, and ideals.

For many years distinguished writers have been doing their best to break down the blind-wall of British self-complacency. Mr. Arnold has laughed at his countrymen; but his efforts (in this line) have done little except to teach his countrymen to laugh at themselves. That is easy; but not very profitable. Mr. Carlyle has denounced us, and taught many young persons to denounce society in their turn, and to cultivate the pleasing belief that they are not even as others. The prophecies and sermons have produced little positive fruit, unless the vague discontent which is ready to attempt better things, if a way to better things is made clear, can be called positive resolution. As to Mr. Ruskin, there is a touching accent of real, though fretful, pain in his lamentations over the blackened dustheaps and purulent sinks which once were meadows and rivers. He has taught many people to see with their own eyes how worthless the science is which spoils everything it touches, and how barren the industry that merely enables new millions to pass their days in hard labour, under blind skies, in poisoned air. A sentiment of dissatisfaction and unrest is awakened by the sneers, the sermons, the prophecies. People lose heart and hope, and become pessimists or indifferent. One might, from a certain point of view, call a writer like Mr. Ruskin sanguine; but his lamentations are very real and near, and his Golden City of the future, his Company of St. George, is very dim and far away. In his address to the Trades' Guild of Learning Mr. Morris appears as the pupil, in a certain sense, or as the fellow-teacher of the distinguished and discontented persons at whose feet we sit with an intellectual enjoyment which bears no particular fruit in any sort of works. Mr. Morris, however, differs from the others, because he combines clear apprehension of the social misfortunes and errors of the day with strong hopefulness, not to say optimism. He is as much vexed by the "spreading of the hideous town" as any one can be. Moved by the squalor of London, the blank ugliness of rickety houses that cover half a county, he has a Vision of Dead Art, which is more brief, but more real, than Richter's famous vision:—

Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, with the crowd of lesser arts that belong to them, these, together with Music and Poetry, will be dead and forgotten, will no longer excite or amuse people in the least: for, once more, we must not deceive ourselves; the death of one art means the death of all; the only difference in their fate will be that the luckiest will be eaten the last—the luckiest or the unluckiest: in all that has to do with beauty the invention and ingenuity of man will have come to a dead stop; and all the while Nature will go on with her eternal recurrence of lovely changes: spring, summer, autumn, and winter; sunshine, rain, and snow, storm and fair weather; dawn, noon, and sunset, day and night—ever bearing witness against man that he has deliberately chosen ugliness instead of beauty, and to live where he is strongest amidst squalor or blank emptiness.

Mr. Morris is as much alive as Mr. Ruskin to the faults of haste and greed and restlessness, all of them things obviously incompatible with the existence of art, and therefore with the existence of a large and healthy national life. It is greed and haste that make people content with rotten houses through which rain drips and wind

whistles, and the poisonous gases that breed fever creep. It is silly imitation that compels us all to huddle on the same narrow space of soil. It is by reason of restlessness that houses are merely tents, and that most families are in the condition of respectable gipsies. They move every five or ten years to a more fashionable quarter, and ask hardly more from a house than the Australian black fellow from his shelter of boughs. If a dwelling keeps out the weather fairly well for a limited time, no more is required. Greed and haste are helped by machinery, and hundreds of slim and cheap articles of furniture can be made in an hour, and may last for five years, when they need to be replaced by others of a fresh, but not less vulgar, fashion. In the complexity of modern life, and in the hurry, one man has only time for one sort of labour. The painter is busy with his canvas, and cannot spare time, as even Angelica Kauffmann could, to decorate an article of furniture worthy to be a heirloom for hundreds of years. The sculptor is shut up with his clay, and cannot work with gold or silver, and leave behind him precious masterpieces like those of Cellini and Verrocchio. It follows that the old alliance between artist and workman, or rather the old identity of the two crafts, is broken up. All workmanship that constructs objects of daily use is in the hands of persons of little education and of no cultivation; and the making of useful objects has fallen among the wheels and teeth of machines. As a necessary consequence, the purchaser loses the pleasure of the eye and his sense of beauty is dulled from day to day. In the same way the workman has lost all pleasure in his business, and can find none elsewhere in country sights or sounds, to the great gain of the revenue and of the publicans. The rich people who are thriving on the profits of machine-made articles can afford to be indifferent to the hideousness they cause. They detile rivers and embank lakes with indifference, because they can buy the articles of luxury in which a debased art still survives. They can purchase pictures, masterpieces of brainless dexterity, as easily as they can enclose a common or pour their dyes and poisons into a brook. A cloistered and fugitive art is all that is left to us, and for all the purposes of art is as bad as none at all. "I believe," says Mr. Morris, "that art has such sympathy with cheerful freedom, open-heartedness, and reality, so much she sickens under selfishness and luxury, that she will not live thus isolated and exclusive. I will go further than this, and say that, on such terms, I do not wish her to live. I protest that it would be a shame to an honest artist to enjoy what he had huddled up to himself of such art, as it would be for a rich man to sit and eat dainty food amongst starving soldiers in a beleaguered fort." Indeed it is hard to say which is the sorer spectacle—the grime of a district where British manufacturers have been more destructive than volcanoes, or the private nests of these same capitalists, full of the expensive aberrations of fashionable painters. The contrast suggests a question of the highest, the most essential importance. Do the general squalor and the dull luxury make up a whole of national prosperity, or are they the type and sign of a decadence which lacks the beauty of decay?

Jeremiads of this sort are preached often enough, and it is only the choice of text that is comparatively new. Perhaps Lamentations are a necessary reply to the glad songs in the night of optimistic statesmen, to the carols of Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Roebuck, and of journals that are the official flatterers of a commercial nation. One may very easily have enough of regrets, and as some one in Homer says, "Man has soon his fill of bitter wailings." The important point in the address of Mr. Morris is not his reproofs, nor his regrets, but his hopes and expectations. Mr. Ruskin sometimes says that it is all over with a devil-ridden and machine-ridden England, but Mr. Morris is of a more sanguine mood. "I must ask you," he says, "from the outset to believe that, whatever I may blame or whatever I may praise, I neither, when I think of what history has been, am inclined to lament the past, to despise the present, or despair of the future; that I believe all the stir and change about us is a sign of the world's life, and that it will lead, by ways indeed of which we have no guess, to the bettering of all mankind."

"Tine heart, tine a," says the North-country proverb. As long as people keep hope they can work, and there is little doubt that the work of Mr. Morris and of others is very gradually making a change for the better. This is not the place to discuss various schemes and theories of colour and form, about which different persons of good taste may hold widely different opinions. The thing to assert is that workmanship, in decoration and in everything else, must be sound and honest. Beauty will necessarily follow the expenditure of human time and real labour. It is haste that produces ugliness. Men are so made that they cannot linger over any piece of work, doing their best to make it honestly worth its price, but they will add beauty to it, and receive pleasure from the work of their hands. The public has it very much in its own power to revive decorative art, and along with it all the delight of people who handle, and of people who fashion, objects of art. The matter is to a certain extent one of money. If buyers come to prefer sound and permanent articles, they will get them, and will unconsciously make possible a school of workmen who are also artists. The enthusiasm for the cheap and nasty productions of machinery may be only a phase, and may be passing like other phases. It is curious to read how Scott was carried away by the delight in mechanical inventions, how he insisted on lighting Abbotsford with gas when gas was perhaps even more noxious than it is at present, how fond he was of stucco and inexpensive imitations of art. One may be sure that, if he had lived

longer, he would have changed his mind; and perhaps, nay probably, the general mind will change. Solid houses may take the place of our modern shanties, and London may slowly be emancipated from stucco. A new sort of demand will revive the artistic qualities which are only dormant, and these qualities will need instruction. Mr. Morris has much to say about "the one best way of teaching drawing, and that is teaching the scholar to draw the human figure, both because the lines of a man's body are much more subtle than anything else, and because you can more surely be found out and set right if you go wrong. I do think that such teaching as this, given to all people who care for it, would help the revival of the arts very much." The study of the art of the past is also necessary, and, like drawing from the figure, is possible even in this "country covered over with hideous hovels, big, middle-sized, and little." There is a good deal of comfort in Mr. Morris's hopefulness, but there would be ground for more confidence if people came to see that decadence in art and indifference to beauty are not unimportant, not a mere grief of fribbles, but a sign of social decadence, of general decline in national morality and national character. But the Bishop of Manchester, when he goes on the stump, calls this sort of concern "sentimental."

PEOPLE'S CHARITIES.

THERE is a page in most private ledgers to which it is extremely difficult to assign the appropriate items. At the head of this page is written the word "Charities," and beneath this title are inscribed the various channels through which the owner of the volume has exhibited his "benevolence, love, active goodness, alms," and all the other virtuous qualities which dictionaries ascribe to the word charity; while the £ s. d. columns at the side render a barometrical register of the extent to which the mercury of his liberality has risen. While frankly admitting the perplexity which the filling in of this page of the cash-book often involves, we cannot but express our opinion that the manner in which people generally refer to this duty is unpropitious for its faithful execution. The phrase "I should enter that under the heading of charities" is often enunciated with a tone and expression worthy of Ananias or Mephistopheles. Among general expenses many items are negligently omitted from their proper places; but there is reason for believing that moneys spent in charity are, as a rule, most faithfully chronicled under that title. Both in the spirit and in the letter is the duty of making these entries carried out, and often in a rather peculiar manner, as every outlay which may be supposed by the most liberal construction to have been actuated in some measure by a spirit of charity, however indirectly, is put down, and also every nominal charity which may nevertheless have been performed with purely selfish motives. The building of labourers' cottages may be given as an example of the one, and the erection of pretty churches at one's lodge-gates as an example of the other. Altogether it may be suspected that many charity accounts are regarded by their authors too much in the light of bills of exchange for value received (or rather taken) in the shape of peccadillos and extravagances; and that in too many cases these documents are not worth the paper they are written on. Nor are we quite convinced that to people of a certain temperament even the keeping of a separate account devoted to what are termed in common parlance "charities" is an entirely wholesome practice. There are those who consider it an open question whether it is not better to bear in mind that the bulk of our income ought to be spent in such a manner as will most benefit our fellow-creatures than to allot a small portion of it exclusively to directly benevolent objects. And this may become the more apparent if we remember that, among those items which may be more strictly classed as "charities," many distinctions and subdivisions may be made. For instance, some may be termed voluntary, and others involuntary, the former being those which we freely select as channels for our bounty, the latter such as "we cannot get out of." Although it might appear that the first would be preferable, this by no means invariably follows. Then we may separate those charitable actions which we perform out of love for our Creator from those which simply proceed from ordinary good nature towards our fellow-creatures, and these, again, from such as emanate from love of ourselves. We must distinguish between charities necessitating a large expenditure but costing no personal sacrifice, and those which entail no outlay of money but involve considerable self-sacrifice. There may even be a subdivision, which may seem an apparent contradiction—namely, that of charities which are *uncharitable*, in contradistinction to charities which are charitable. The second need no explanation; nor will it be very difficult to understand the first if we call to mind the large subscriptions which are often given merely to outdo and mortify a previous donor, or the money which is occasionally given to some object of doubtful orthodoxy for the mischievous satisfaction of shocking a spiritual pastor or maiden aunt. Some people like to perform their charitable duties by wholesale, some by retail; some to give a few large sums to beneficent objects, and to be troubled no further about them, while others prefer personally to dole out every shilling and halfcrown. There is the bread which is cast freely upon the waters, and there is the bread which is intended to float back safely to the judicious donor; for it is quite possible to make a

regular investment in some charity which may be the special hobby of a great and influential personage, when the capital will probably be speedily repaid, in one form or another, accompanied by a high rate of interest.

Nor should it be forgotten, in reviewing well-filled charity accounts, that there is such a thing as buying oneself off from the performance of those personal duties which have a claim, more or less, upon everybody. Large subscriptions are often given to ease the conscience of some lazy Croesus who entirely neglects ever to put himself to the slightest personal inconvenience for the comfort of others. To act in such a manner is, in the strictest sense of the words, to "purchase an indulgence." To do good by proxy is at best but a doubtful form of piety. It may be a comfort to know that in the fulfilment of the law of charity people have many opportunities of gratifying their tastes and predilections. He who prefers the useful may find endless means of benevolence of the most practical tendency—hospitals, crèches, clothing clubs, and such like—while the admirer of the ornamental may revel in beautiful churches, rich vestments, and fine organs. There are indeed few æsthetic tastes which may not in some measure be gratified under the excuse of charity. But still heavier charges might be brought against certain alms lists. We fear that a stern moralist might lay his finger on items in some of them which could with advantage be transferred to a different page, headed "sacrifices to idols." These would tell of large sums devoted (much against the spender's conscientious scruples) to the support of the pet daughter's religious vagaries, or of the ecclesiastical eccentricities of dear Lady Dash. And there is a much less pleasant, though scarcely more justifiable, motive which sometimes impels one to give away money—namely, to escape the importunities of bores who collect for benevolent or religious societies. Rather than endure their endless beggings, we are often tempted to give them a donation without feeling by any means well assured of the desirableness of the object for which they are so disagreeably solicitous. Thus, next to "sacrifices to idols," a page might be allotted to "blackmail to bores."

About once or twice a year it falls to the lot of most of us to hear a sermon in which we are admonished that "it is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule as to the exact proportion of income which should be devoted to charitable purposes, but, generally speaking, a tenth may be regarded as the minimum." In the privacy of our own study, however, when the mental parliament is in full debate upon our personal budgets, a member of the intellectual opposition is very apt, in opposing the vote for charities, to question this theory about the tenth part. He speciously represents that the old Pharisee of Scripture, who was so pleased with himself for giving tithes of all that he possessed, may very probably have included certain items the modern equivalents of which would be represented by rates and taxes, tithe rent-charges, allowances to children, pin-money to wives, and even hospitalities to friends. He plausibly argues that, at any rate before taxing the income for a certain proportion towards charities, those portions should be deducted out of which others ought to exercise their charity, such as allowances and savings. The latter, he urges, are laid by in order to produce an income at some future time for some person or persons whose duty it will be to devote a proper proportion of it towards benevolent objects, and it is surely too much that both the capital and the interest should be taxed. After making these and other deductions of a kindred nature, he has not so much objection to the remainder being charged with a tithe, provided that he himself is put upon the select committee which is to regulate the expenditure of the alms-bag. In committee, however, he is apt to be again cantankerous, wishing to include in the vote the building of cottages, the employment of extra labour, and subscriptions to objects which rather appertain to amusement than benevolence. He has even been known to advocate the eligibility of a subscription to a pack of foxhounds, which he says give so much pleasure to others, for a place on the list of charities. So that by the time the deductions have been made and the doubtful items included the tithe would not know itself. Nevertheless the extent to which we fulfil the duty of charity must not be entirely estimated by the amount of money expended. When personal attention accompanies an outlay the good results are often trebled. On the other hand, the object of many societies for which subscriptions are solicited is merely to undo the work of other societies; and to subscribe to such objects is certainly not the most satisfactory form of philanthropy. The income, for instance, which is spent on rival agencies for pious persecution would support many hospitals, while, if the thousands of pounds which are annually devoted to publishing and purchasing controversial books and newspapers on both sides of all imaginable questions were by common consent to be withheld from such purposes, and devoted to objects of benevolence, humanity might be no loser. As a rule, religious bigotry is rather an economy, because, on the plea of "conscientious scruples," it enables its votaries to refuse to contribute to any good work which is beyond the pale of their peculiar school; but liberal and unprejudiced views are apt to be expensive, because their holders are at the mercy of "all denominations of Christians" whose members may choose to pester them for subscriptions. Perhaps one of the most unwholesome forms of charity is an extravagant response to the importunate demand for cash which often forms the conclusion of an "awakening sermon." There is an imaginary heroism about such an act which becomes an absolute luxury. No doubt, if it were not

for the heroic spirit, much money which is now given away would remain in its owner's pocket; but that does not prove that heroic sensationalism is the best motive for acts of charity. It may be a brave deed to expend a large sum on a good object, but immoderate indulgence in what have been not inaptly termed "fancy charities" may become a mere luxury, just as even uncontrolled grief or bodily austerities may sometimes prove gratifications to certain natures. Altogether there are few social questions which present more anomalies than the administration of personal charities, and few are the acts of our lives in which we are so prone to deceive ourselves.

CAPE COLONISTS AND CAFFRES.

WE have often puzzled ourselves about the popularity of South Africa as a field for emigration. When an intending colonist has the world before him, we may suppose that he is influenced by one of two considerations. He aims either at a rapidly acquired fortune or at a quiet home with a decent competency. We can understand a man settling at Hong Kong or Shanghai in the palmy days of the opium trade, in spite of the detestable climate and the restrictions on his personal liberty. By the favour of one of the great firms he might make a fortune by a lucky hit or two; and, in place of succumbing to yellow fever, might come home to live in luxury, with his liver only slightly impaired. We can understand a man choosing to squat in the Australian Bush before the times of cheap wool and the "cockatoos." He might hope to add league on league to his run, covering it with increasing flocks and herds, although he must have been content to renounce the society of his kind, and to ride some fabulous distance to shake hands with a neighbour on a Sunday. Still more easily can we comprehend the emigrant choosing Canada. The spring may be short, but a delightful summer relieves the invigorating severity of the winter, and though the settler can never hope to be a Ceresus, he may make a home and hand it on to his children. But in South Africa, as it has always seemed to us, you must almost inevitably slip between two stools. Of course one cannot lay down any general laws as to a vast and undefined territory amounting to no inconsiderable section of a continent; but it is certain that, at all events before the wonderful diamond discoveries, money had to be made most laboriously in that part of the world, and the settler had to put up in the course of his toil with an infinity of privations and anxieties. With adventurers in quest of sport and elephants' tusks it was a different thing altogether. They made their brief spurts into the interior, and found excitement enough to repay them. They might see their horses die of the lung sickness, or have them killed off with their oxen by the venomous *tsetse* fly. They might be brought to the very doors of death by missing the only well to be found in a long day's journey, or finding that the water had evaporated. They might be deserted by their servants at the most critical moment, or be assailed by lurking savages, or put to ransom by barbarous potentates. But, on the other hand, if they were tolerably fortunate, they might count upon the most magnificent shooting in the world, and a few days among elephants, rhinoceroses, and giraffes compensated them for disagreeables on which they must have calculated. As for the permanent settlers, however, especially in the frontier districts, they must be prepared to suffer for their natural lives much of what explorers and elephant hunters endure for a season or two. They, too, have to deal with treacherous savages, who, even when they abstain from actual violence, never keep their hands from thieving and reaving. They have a deep and intimate concern in the policy of arbitrary despots who are invariably laying themselves out to give trouble, and who may proclaim actual war at any moment. Their servants are very seldom to be trusted; and the native women they employ within doors make existence almost unendurable, while they demand incessant supervision. Their flocks and herds are liable to insidious diseases and destructive epidemics. If the beasts wander into the bush—and there is nothing to prevent them except the constant care of the men in charge, for there is no possibility of making regular enclosures—many of them are likely to be reported missing, effectually accounted for by Bushmen and Kalihari. As for sport, it ceases to be pleasure, since it is only too easy to have enough of it. There may be large herds of the different species of antelopes in the season; but they are so tame as scarcely to need stalking, and the slaughter of the poor creatures by a well-mounted man degenerates into simple butchery. Occasionally, on the verge of civilization, the settlers have unwelcome and importunate visitors in the shape of lions, hyenas, and wild dogs, but the grander and more profitable game has withdrawn into the depths of the jungle. They gradually come to consider as luxuries what we regard as indispensable comforts, and have to rely chiefly on barter with casual traders for their tea and spirits, their tobacco and groceries. For it is no joke communicating with the towns, although they must occasionally send their produce thither. We fancy that nobody who has not had experience of it can form the faintest notion of what it is to trek in Southern Africa with one of those interminable ox-teams. If you are lucky in your beasts, you may manage fairly well; but even in that case the physical exertion of the master is on a par with his mental anxiety. For drivers will get drunk when they have the chance; they will seldom miss an opportunity of flirting with the women; they are almost invariably offensively independent and insolent, and are exceedingly apt to revenge themselves if you take exception to their amiable failings.

The waggon-tracks lie across great stretches of sand, where the wheels go sinking half way to the axles. The sulky draught animals back and jib when they are ascending any of the frequent acclivities; and there are always ugly holes in which you may be brought to a standstill should your driver wish to do you an ill turn. Then the embedded wheel must be excavated bodily; you are fortunate if neither tires nor felloes give way, or if there is no snapping of one of the links of the treck-chain; and you may have to ride a day's journey in search of a blacksmith, or sit down to wait for some other traveller who will be obliging enough to hitch his oxen on to your own.

It would be a hard life at the best, even if one had a hope of speedily retiring with a handsome independence; but that, as we have said, is almost out of the question. And then there is always the grave contingency of such a universal disturbance as the present South African war. We hope, rather than believe, that there may be a quick and happy ending to the pending campaign; but there can be no guarantee at any time against its sudden renewal. In most of the colonies open to Englishmen the natives have either been tamed and reclaimed or else reduced within manageable limits. In South Africa they have been increasing in numbers and strength, while the whites are still but scattered handfuls. It is discouraging to have to deal with formidable hordes of barbarians who, after all, may be but the advance guard of multitudes behind them. Unless supported by the strength of our regular forces, neither Englishmen nor Boers could hold their own for a moment, were it not for the help of native allies. We learn by the latest accounts that the Commander-in-Chief saw reason to commend the wisdom of one of our divisional leaders, who had declined to venture an attack on the natural strongholds held by the enemy, because he had no sufficient force of friendly natives to beat out the tangled coverts. No doubt he was abundantly justified in not risking valuable English lives; but even the loyal Fingoes may object to being thrust upon enterprises where the main portion of the casualties must necessarily fall to their share. And as the Fingoes must have white officers to show them the way, many valuable lives may be sacrificed. The fact is, we fear, that the state of things has changed for the worse since the last war which cost us so heavily. It is true that the volunteer forces of the colonists form admirable raw material for irregular fighting in the bush. The colonists to a man are more or less sportsmen, trained to the ready use of firearms; prompt to rely upon themselves, and to act resolutely in moments of danger; and used to camping out among enemies in the open and to supporting any amount of privation. Boers and English settlers are alike accustomed to improvise fortresses of waggons formed in square, or to entrench themselves hastily in rough stockades which they are in the habit of defending to the last extremity, so that the blacks have a wholesome terror of them. But, after all, they are relatively few, while their enemies are swarming around them. And the blacks, although their leaders may be wanting in brain, are otherwise formidable antagonists. The hostile tribes on the Kei river, with the warriors that follow the Zulu King, are all practised hunters and inured to danger like the whites. Though they will gladly gorge themselves on occasion, they can, when necessary, bear the extremes of hunger and thirst; they are unrivalled in following up the spoor of man or beast, and they are habituated to the strategy of ambushes. Life is held cheap among them, and they have a superabundance of courage, as is shown by the recklessness with which they will risk themselves in attacking the fiercest animals of the forest. Many of them are fairly well disciplined and drilled, though no doubt after a wild fashion; and in the skirmishing in cover, in which they show to most advantage, they have acquired much of the mutual confidence which is the essence of the superiority of regular troops. Above all—and this is the most disquieting feature in the situation—there is no longer the same inequality in arms that there once was between the natives and the whites. In former wars the king might possess a rifle or two and his chiefs might be equipped with trade muskets, but the rank and file were only provided with bows and arrows or their bundles of assegais. In those days there would have been no hesitation on the part of the colonial leaders in forcing them from the broken ground and the jungly cover from which our troops have now been prudently falling back. But in these times great numbers of them are armed with serviceable rifles. Shrewd traders discovered long ago that the beads and the brass wire and coils of scarlet cloth had lost their attraction as objects of barter. The possessors of ivory and ostrich plumes would look at nothing but firearms and ammunition. Our English authorities must have foreseen the consequences of this; but it would not have been easy for them to stop the trade, since the coveted articles were passed into the country through the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay and the markets of the independent Dutch settlements. In any case the mischief has been done, and we must make up our minds to face the consequences. Unless peace can be speedily restored, the improved equipment of the natives will make the struggle more tedious and sanguinary, while it will leave the Cape colonies a less eligible place of residence for intending settlers than they have hitherto been. Nobody doubts that somehow or other, and sooner or later, the difficulties and perils of the present crisis, as of former ones, will be successfully surmounted; but one cannot sufficiently admire the energy and hardihood of those of our countrymen who contrive to make homes for themselves amidst such unpromising surroundings.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

"MISFORTUNES never come singly" is a proverb which applies with terrible force to China at the present time. While floods have swept away a large proportion of the grain crops in the southern parts of the Empire, and while in the central provinces swarms of locusts have cleared whole districts of everything growing in the fields, a desolating famine has for three years been ravaging the four principal provinces in the north. Fortunately the means at hand will be sufficient to cope with the distress caused by the inundations in Kwangtung and Kwangse, and the vigorous measures adopted to exterminate the locusts in the plague-stricken districts of Gan-hwuy and the neighbouring provinces promise to be speedily successful; but nothing which has as yet been done, or which it is proposed to do, can make any pretence to grapple with the overwhelming want and misery to which seventy million human beings are now a prey in Northern China.

We may leave meteorologists to discuss the causes of the phenomenon presented by the synchronous and long-continued absence of rain in India, China, Corea, and California. Any theory professing to account for the existence of identical conditions in countries the physical circumstances of which are so entirely different must be made capable of a very wide and varied application. Most people will be content to know the facts connected with each calamity. Of the history of the terrible sufferings endured by our fellow-subjects in India we had full details from the first; but of the famine which during the last three years has brought want and starvation to almost every homestead in the rural districts of four of the largest provinces in Northern China nothing was known until the broad features of the case were lately brought to the notice of the public by Sir Thomas Wade. The fact that such dire misery could have existed so long, and yet should have been so little known beyond the limits of the suffering districts, might in any other country in the world be expected to teach the wisdom of improving the means of communication from place to place; but in China this is the time selected for the uprooting of the only railway existing in the Empire.

The scene of the famine is the vast delta plain which forms one of the most noticeable features in the surface of China, and which includes the provinces of Chihle, Shanse, Shense, and Honan. This immense plateau covers an area of 246,721 square miles, and is inhabited by a population of upwards of seventy millions. The soil, which consists almost entirely of loess, is so highly productive when watered by seasonable rains that the district covered by it used to be regarded as the Eden of China. But, on the other hand, it is easily percolated by water, and consequently fails to retain moisture for any but short periods, while a few days' dry weather is enough to convert the surface into dust. Tradition says that in bygone ages the mountains which fringe the plain on all sides were thickly wooded, and that in those halcyon days constant and temperate showers almost invariably ensured to the farmers rich and plenteous crops; but at the present time so completely have these forests been destroyed that from Peking to Hankow—a distance of 700 miles—scarcely a tree or a shrub is to be seen, except in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the villages. Without recognizing this wholesale clearing of timber as the cause, old men say that now rain falls less frequently and with greater vehemence than formerly, and that the showers which used to water the earth at seed-time can no longer be reckoned upon. The success or failure of the crops has thus of late become much of the nature of a lottery, and, as often as not, the seed sown in the dry ground has been laid bare by the action of the wind, to be destroyed by the scorching rays of the sun. Such a state of things implies, even under the most favourable circumstances, a vast amount of poverty. Even in good seasons meat is a rare luxury to the people of Shanse and Honan, and salt fish, which serves as a substitute for meat, is only consumed by the wealthier classes. But when it is borne in mind that the absence of engineering energy has left the mountain barriers which nature has interposed between these provinces and the outer world almost intact, it will readily be seen that the complete failure of even a single year's crop must bring thousands of people face to face with pressing want. So true is this that Baron Richthofen, who in 1870 visited these regions, found the people in the mountain districts on the verge of starvation, owing to the failure of the summer crops of the year.

But at the present moment it is not a question of the failure of one year's crops, but of three, and this triple calamity is aggravated by the fact that during several previous seasons the yield was far below the average. What, then, is the result? It is this—that seventy millions of people are in the direct want of food, of whom it is reckoned that nine millions are actually starving. The imagination fails to picture the amount of misery and distress represented by these figures, and the accounts which reach this country from missionaries and others on the spot, of houses tenanted only by the starved dead, of thousands of emaciated corpses lying by the roadside and in the streets of villages, of the frantic efforts made by some to gain nourishment from the bark of trees, the thatch from the roofs of houses, and even from earth and slate-stone, give us but a faint glimpse of the unutterable woe which has overwhelmed a population nearly twice as numerous as that of the whole German Empire. One of the most horrible aspects of severe and long-continued want is the prominence which the instinctive law of self-

preservation almost invariably attains at the expense of every human tie and of every virtue. The gnawings of hunger gradually blunt and destroy every feeling which is not centred in self, and there is always the suggestion ready to hand, that, as food for the whole household is not to be had, it is better that one or two of its members should be sacrificed for the rest. There is no reason to suppose that the sufferers in China yielded more readily to the temptation than others have done under similar circumstances, but now at least the traffic in human beings is openly carried on. Husbands sell their wives, and parents their children, in open market. A traveller recently returned from China writes:—"When I left the country a respectable married woman could be easily bought for six dollars and a little girl for two. In cases, however, where it was found impossible to dispose of their children, parents have been known to kill them sooner than witness their prolonged sufferings, in many instances throwing themselves afterwards down wells, or committing suicide by arsenic." A less avowed form of selfishness, but one not the less cruel, is the desertion of households by the bread-winners. Thousands of able-bodied men are daily emigrating from the famine-stricken districts to Mongolia and elsewhere, leaving the old men, women, and children to die of hunger or to struggle through as best they may.

It would seem almost impossible to aggravate the horrors of the situation; but opium, which is pernicious everywhere when smoked to excess, is doubly so in those regions, where the most fertile tracts are devoted to its cultivation. Writing of Shanse in 1870, Baron Richthofen says:—"The crops there have been a failure during several succeeding years. And yet the only fields which would give two safe crops a year—those, namely, which are in the bottoms of the valleys—are almost throughout planted with the poppy." This criminal mal-appropriation of the land can find its only justification in the acquiescence of the people to whom in times of scarcity the opium pipe furnishes a temporary protection against the pangs of hunger. But when times of scarcity become seasons of famine, and when no money remains to buy the tempting drug, a fearful penalty is exacted for former indulgences. The simulated strength imbibed from the pipe utterly fails the smoker when the stimulant is withheld, and he falls before the stroke of want almost as weak and resistless as a child.

In the presence of so overwhelming a calamity it is not imputing reckless incompetency to the Chinese Government, even if we were to measure them by a European standard, to say that they have proved themselves quite unable to cope with the prevailing distress. It is, however, acknowledged on all sides that they are employing unwonted energy in their endeavours to mitigate to some extent the sufferings of the people. As we have already indicated, the great obstacle in the way of relieving the immediate wants of the sufferers is the difficulty of distributing food throughout the famine-stricken districts. Chihle is the only one of the four desolated provinces which has any direct water communication with the outer world, and it is from the one port of Tientsin that goods make their laborious way over lofty and precipitous mountains into the even less fortunate provinces of Shanse, Shense, and Honan. But during the winter months the port of Tientsin is frozen up, and at such periods the only means of reaching the inland districts is by longer and still more difficult land routes. The task which has thus fallen to the lot of the Government is no light one, and it is gratifying to find that they are grappling with it in an earnest and practical manner. Relief establishments have been instituted at convenient centres where food is freely distributed to all, and an effective system of transport has been established to carry grain into the districts beyond the reach of these agencies. Nor have they been backward in providing funds for this expenditure. Recent edicts have ordered the appropriation of sums, together equivalent to more than a quarter of a million sterling, for the purposes described, and large stores of rice have been despatched for the relief of the sufferers. Meanwhile private charity has been active in supplementing the efforts of the Government. Twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed by the natives of Tientsin alone; from other large centres of commerce, such as Shanghai, Soochow, Canton, and Hangchow, more or less handsome contributions have been received, and the Chinese residents at Hongkong and Singapore have forwarded 22,000 dollars for the use of their starving fellow-countrymen. At the Treaty ports the foreign residents have liberally contributed to the same cause; and, in response to a telegraphic request lately received from Shanghai, a London Committee, under the presidency of Sir Rutherford Alcock, has been formed to collect and forward funds to responsible agents in the famine districts. It must be acknowledged that this Committee has commenced its task under great disadvantages. The English public have had many calls on their liberality of late, and no such bond of sympathy exists between ourselves and the Chinese as that which unites us to our Indian fellow-subjects, or even to the sufferers in the present war. Every friendly overture we have made to the Chinese Government has hitherto been repulsed, and the Mandarins have lost few opportunities of displaying their hostility at the expense of our comfort and well-being in China. The Committee can only therefore look for support from those who, out of simple charity, desire to relieve distress wherever it may be found, and these are just the people who are never appealed to in vain.

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK.

IF there is anything firmly implanted in the mind of the ordinary intelligent Frenchman with regard to English manners and customs, it is that Sunday is observed by the population at large with a depressing formality and quiet. Any one holding this belief who happened to be present last Sunday in Hyde Park must have been strangely astonished at seeing what the *Daily Telegraph*, with unconscious humour, called the "impressive scene" which took place there. The spectator might possibly have thought at first that he was looking at some strange form of religious ceremony; but he could hardly have supposed that the general scuffle and the peculiar fight up in a tree which followed were part of our usual Puritanical observance of Sunday. It is not pleasant to consider in what light the proceedings might have struck him when it was explained to him that a gigantic crowd had been assembled, various heads broken, and much of the beauty of Hyde Park destroyed in consequence of Mr. Auberon Herbert's and Mr. Bradlaugh's desire to air their political opinions. In saying this we have no wish to exonerate the party which, headed by Lieutenant Armit, broke up and scattered the so-called Peace Demonstration; but it is tolerably certain that but for the folly and vanity of the conveners of this demonstration the scandalous scene in Hyde Park would not have taken place, and Harley Street would not have been filled with a disorderly crowd which succeeded in breaking Mr. Gladstone's windows. It was perhaps only too natural that when this eminent statesman stopped short in his attempt to hold up to Europe the spectacle of a nation divided against itself, humble imitators should be found to follow in the track which he had abandoned, and perhaps it was equally natural that they should reach a pitch of foolishness from which probably Mr. Gladstone himself would at any time have shrunk. But, whatever causes one may assign to the event, it is not the less unfortunate that Mr. Auberon Herbert and Mr. Bradlaugh should have it in their power to make the capital of England ridiculous in the eyes of the world by proceedings at once so scandalous and so childish as those of last Sunday in Hyde Park.

The promoters of this disreputable affair were obviously aware of what was likely to be the consequence of their conduct. It had been announced before the "demonstration" took place that a large number of "marshals" would accompany it for the purpose of preserving order, and would be distinguished by having rosettes and "wands of office." Some curiosity was naturally felt as to what these "wands of office" could be, for there are many kinds of wands in the world. There are harlequins' wands, and tailors' yards, and such wands as are supposed to belong to a Black Stick in Waiting, and many old houses still contain the long staves used by running footmen, which might, at a pinch, be called wands. But it was difficult to see how any of these wands could be anything but useless or cumbersome. Probably no one with a smaller tendency than Mr. Bradlaugh's to reform everything—the English language included—would have thought of applying the term "wands of office" to the things actually carried by his "marshals," which were in fact constables' truncheons. Considering that, according to Mr. Bradlaugh's boast, there were a thousand of these truncheon-armed marshals in readiness to enforce the lessons of peace, it is perhaps fortunate that no serious damage was done in the general engagement for the chances of which Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Herbert had so prudently provided. The attitude assumed by the promoters of peace on this occasion is strangely like that of a certain fiery advocate of peace whose words have been on a former occasion quoted in these columns, but will, we think, bear repetition. "Bientôt," observed this orator at a Peace Congress held several years ago at Berne, "se lèvera le soleil glorieux de la paix; et puis à tout despote, à tout tyran, guerre à outrance, guerre à mort!" The Hyde Park demonstrators, however, went further than this. They were not prepared to wait for a general recognition of the rising of the sun of peace; they were determined that, as far as England was concerned, it had risen, and could never set again. They expected some opposition to their views, and, with a charming inconsistency, had taken arms against it beforehand. Under the circumstances, many people may find it difficult to regret that they were unable to uphold their position, although one must of course regret still more that the cause of order was not maintained. The blindest partisans of an un-English policy have begun to remember that there is such a thing as Parliament, and that mob meetings are not seemly instruments to be used in a constitutional country; and the few who continue to delight in them might well be left to their own devices. At the same time, it is but fair to remember that the people who foolishly encouraged disorder by breaking in upon the "Peace Demonstration" were only following an example which had been previously set to them.

One of the most curious features of the whole business may be found in the views taken of it by various newspapers according to their kind. The *Times*, with a decision to which it has long been a stranger, condemned the whole thing unreservedly; but it has not at any time been observed that it has enforced its disapproval by excluding from its columns advertisements which strangely resemble incitements to a breach of the peace. The *Daily Telegraph*, as we have already said, spoke of the scandalous affair as an "impressive scene"; and it is no doubt probable that some of those who were present retain an impression of it. The *Telegraph* further deduced from what happened on the

occasion a hitherto unknown and surprising fact concerning the "opinion of the metropolis." "We may state it in a word," the article said; "it is English, and not Russian." One might almost cease to deplore the occurrence of such a scene in consideration of its having produced so great a result. The *Standard*, with great truth, observes that "all this is stupid, silly, Philistine, and calculated to lower the dignity of the better class of English working-men, both in the eyes of foreign countries and their own"; and goes on to protest against the rapid increase of mob rule. The *Daily News*, true to its remarkable colours, applauded the "firmness and forbearance of the organizers of the meeting," which, in another passage, it described as "inoffensive." From other accounts we should never have guessed that much firmness or forbearance was displayed; and even the *Daily News* cannot make us believe that the control displayed by the "marshals" saved us from having to deplore "many injuries, perhaps even loss of life." Our contemporary thinks that there can scarcely be two opinions as to Mr. Herbert's being right in saying "that freedom of public meeting was now at stake." This we readily admit, but in a sense different from that of the *Daily News*. There is even more at stake than this; and, in raising discords at such a moment over such things as this, the *Daily News* and Mr. Herbert might do infinite mischief if there were any serious danger of their being attended to. A good deal of correspondence in the newspapers has naturally ensued, and the conflicting reports given by bystanders of what actually happened serve to illustrate upon a small scale the difficulties of writing history. While one writer points out that in the beginning of the affray no blow was struck, another asserts that the signal for a general conflict was given by Mr. Bradlaugh striking some one with the "wand of office," which, as we learn from a report, was afterwards wrested from him and preserved as a trophy. Mr. Auberon Herbert himself has written a touchingly simple letter to the *Times*, in which he deplores the *Times*' refusal to draw a distinction between "those who meet to express their political opinions and those who meet to prevent such expression," or, in other words, those who wish to have the country governed by Sunday meetings in Hyde Park, and those who, with more zeal than discretion, give practical signs of their disapproval of such a course. Mr. Herbert further complains that the *Times* seems "to set but little store by a privilege which hundreds of thousands of Englishmen believe to be the most valuable which they possess, and which, under all circumstances, they are determined not to abandon"—the privilege, that is, of marching amob through the streets and turning one of the finest playgrounds of London into an arena for a scrimmage. Mr. Auberon Herbert, assuming to speak for the workmen of London, suggests that, if they cannot meet in Hyde Park, the *Times* should tell them where they can meet, and says, by the way, that the engagement of large halls for the expression of their opinion involves expense. Supposing for the moment that Mr. Auberon Herbert's mob did represent the "workmen of London," the obvious answer to his complaint is, that perhaps if he left them alone they might be content not to meet at all; and that if he is determined they should meet, he would do better to engage "a large hall" for the purpose than to interfere with the privileges which he professes to uphold, by giving the cue for such disgraceful scenes as that of last Sunday. Hyde Park, as far as we know, is not designed exclusively as a place wherein Mr. Herbert, Mr. Bradlaugh, and their following may make Sunday hideous by their clamour, and invite the disturbance which they would have us believe they deprecate. Mr. Auberon Herbert has never been specially distinguished by wisdom; but one might have hoped that, after the scene of last Sunday, he would wish to avoid anything like a repetition of it. So far from this, it seems only to have whetted his and his followers' desire to assert their right of making themselves obnoxious to the community at large, and producing a nuisance which must be most offensive to all people of ordinary sense, whatever their political opinions may be. Mr. Herbert is determined to preserve, "under all circumstances," the privilege which is so dear to him; and, on the failure of his latest attempt, immediately set to work to organize another. We are glad to see that, if this act of vain folly is carried out, the party represented by Lieutenant Armit has determined to treat it with the silent contempt which it deserves. It has been more than sufficiently proved that the mob headed by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Herbert does not represent the opinions of the whole of London, and it is far better that their conceit should be gratified by its own empty noise, than that anything like a precedent for further disgraceful and contemptible scenes should be established.

EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION.

NO social phenomenon of our time is better deserving of attentive study than the fluctuations in the amount of emigration from this country, and in the return flow of those who have gone out from among us. It may safely be laid down as a truth of general application that a moderate emigration is a symptom of superabundant energy in a people. The rapid growth of population in a progressive community, the consequent fierce competition in every walk of life—ambition, enterprise, the spirit of adventure—all drive a certain proportion of the young and aspiring to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. Ever since England became a great

Power she has been pouring out her surplus inhabitants upon Ireland, the American continent, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australasia. So, again, the military pre-eminence of Germany was preceded by a vast outflow of settlers to the United States. And the histories of Holland, the Italian Republics, Rome, Greece, and Phœnicia illustrate the same truth. On the other hand, the decadence of both Holland and France has been marked by a dying out of the spirit which founded the Dutch East Indian Empire, and contended with ourselves for the sovereignty of America and of India. While, however, the ability to colonize testifies to abounding vitality, excessive emigration is evidence of the very reverse. It was, of course, better that the Irish peasantry at the time of the potato famine and for long afterwards should crowd every steamer to New York than that they should stay at home and starve. Yet it was not the less a conclusive proof of the deplorable condition into which the island had sunk that so small a population had for many successive years to fly across the Atlantic at the rate of a thousand a day to escape absolute hunger. The fluctuations in the statistics of emigration, then, are full of instruction regarding the social condition of the people. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the resolve to try to better oneself abroad is not determined by domestic considerations alone. Practically in our own day the only countries which afford an opening to settlers are the British colonies and the United States—the countries, that is, of English speech and English law. Except to a comparative handful of Basques, Spaniards, and Italians, Mexico and the South American States are closed, because they do not offer the necessary security to life and property. And Algeria is a military settlement rather than a colony proper. The British colonies, owing to their extreme youth and the consequent absence of accumulated wealth, are able to absorb only a limited number of immigrants. Therefore, if there is to be a large emigration, it must be to the United States. But the prospect of not obtaining employment in the United States will of course deter most intending emigrants who are dependent on their labour for a livelihood. The condition of the United States, then, has almost as great an influence upon the amount of emigration as that of the United Kingdom itself. We have had proof to that effect during the War of Secession; but, in truth, the fact needs only to be stated to be recognized. The bearing of these remarks upon the statistics of emigration and immigration during the past year which have just been issued by the Board of Trade will be apparent immediately.

The total number of persons who left the ports of the United Kingdom last year for places outside Europe was only 119,971, and of these no more than 95,195 were of British and Irish origin. These figures show a decrease of about thirteen per cent. both of the total and of the British and Irish emigration as compared with 1876, which itself showed a very remarkable falling-off on preceding years. The average annual British and Irish emigration of the period 1871-75, for instance, amounted to 193,907, being more than double the figures of the past year. Indeed, since 1853, when account began to be taken of the nationality of emigrants, there has been only a single twelvemonth in which the British and Irish contingent was lower than in 1877, and that was 1861, the first year of the American Civil War. In 1861, however, the population of the United Kingdom was smaller by four and a half millions than it is now, and consequently the proportion borne by the emigrants to the population was but inappreciably less, 0·22 per cent. against 0·28 per cent. last year.

As we shall presently see, when we come to speak of the immigration into the United Kingdom, the number of persons who annually return from abroad is now probably much larger than it was at the beginning of the American Civil War. It follows, therefore, that the net loss by emigration is smaller than it has been at any time since the potato blight in Ireland. Is this decrease of emigration likely to continue? On the other hand, it is to be remembered that since 1853 as many as 4,058,713 persons of British and Irish birth left these islands to settle abroad; and during the previous seven years—the period of the Irish famine and the distress and panic that followed it—possibly another million and a half followed. It would not be surprising, therefore, if there were to be a pause in the emigration. It is also certain that the wealth of the country has increased enormously of late years, that employment is more abundant, and wages higher; in short, that the condition of the people has risen more nearly to a level with that of the communities whose prosperity attracts emigrants. On the other hand, however, the decrease in emigration is too sudden to be permanent. It was in 1875 that it first manifested itself; it became more pronounced in 1876; and last year it attained still greater proportions. Further—and this is the really significant fact—it is only in the emigration to North America that the diminution is material. For Australasia there left last year 30,170 persons against 32,196 in 1876, and an average of 28,000 for the five previous years. In that direction, consequently, there is no falling off. But to the United States and Canada the decrease in the past two years amounts to 41,000. The total diminution in the same two years in the emigration to all quarters is 45,000. Practically, therefore, the reduction is due to the falling off in the emigration to North America. Thus it would seem that the phenomenon we are here considering is traceable much less to the improved condition of our own people than to the great panic of 1873 in the United States, and the consequent prostration of all American industry. The inference here drawn is strengthened by the fact that the decrease is proportionately much greater in the Irish than in the English and Scotch contingents.

In the quinquennial period 1871-75 the annual average Irish emigration was 66,000; last year it fell to 22,831, or just one-third; whereas we saw above that the reduction in the total British and Irish emigration was only one-half. Now it is well known that the main destination of Irish emigrants has always been the United States. At the time of the famine it was there that the starving took refuge, and the strong clanishness of the people has drawn the subsequent emigrants thither also. But the letters sent to friends at home, and the return of so many of the settlers themselves, have acquainted the Irish peasants and work-people with the depression that exists in the United States, and hence the sudden drop to one-third in the number of emigrants. There is certainly nothing in the condition of Ireland itself to account for this sudden falling off. Unquestionably Ireland has made great strides in prosperity since the famine, but it is still backward, and last year unfortunately was not favourable. The summer was extremely wet, injuring the hay and corn crops, and rendering it impossible in many cases to save the peat, which is the ordinary fuel of the country. Under these circumstances we should rather have looked for an increase of emigration. When the contrary is seen, we have unimpeachable proof how very nearly the real remuneration of labour in the United Kingdom now approaches that given in the United States. Were it otherwise, a season of commercial depression like the present, aggravated by a succession of three bad harvests and by apprehensions of a great European war, would witness an augmentation, not a decrease, of emigration.

Even more remarkable than the statistics we have been considering are those relating to immigration into the United Kingdom. Unfortunately, it is only quite lately that attention has been given to this highly interesting branch of the subject before us. While the number of emigrants has been recorded since 1815, and their nationality since 1853, we have an account of the immigrants only since 1870. Indeed proper care has been taken to make that account accurate and full only since Mr. Giffen's appointment to the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. In his present Report he has added new and valuable information, which by and by will enable instructive comparisons to be instituted. As yet, however, we can safely compare only the past two years. It appears that there is a decrease in the immigration as well as in the emigration, the figures for 1877 being 81,848, which shows a falling off from 1876 of 11,709. The British and Irish immigrants last year numbered 63,890, which, deducted from the British and Irish emigration, leaves the net loss of population by immigration 31,305. Practically, therefore, it may be said, emigration from this country is suspended; for thirty-one thousand out of thirty-three and a half millions is inappreciable. It is probable that even this small apparent loss is greater than the real loss. Mr. Giffen suggests that, of the English contingent that sailed from ports of the United Kingdom, a large proportion never intended to settle permanently abroad; and an examination of the tables which he has appended to his Report seems to lend countenance to this theory. Thus we find a much larger proportion of adults in the emigration and immigration of persons of British and Irish birth to and from the United States than in those to and from Australia, suggesting that since the falling-off of the Irish emigration a large proportion of the passengers to and from the United States are tourists and commercial men. Again, we observe that, of the 119,971 British and foreign passengers from our ports, as many as 37,147 were cabin passengers, or almost one-third; and it is noticeable that 20,662 sailed from Liverpool, the great port of embarkation for the United States. Of course every cabin passenger is not a tourist, yet the proportion of *bonâ fide* emigrants who travel in cabins can hardly be as high as this. Lastly, we find that only fifty-five agricultural labourers sailed for the United States last year, barely seventy-seven domestic servants, and no more than 6,485 general labourers, while there were as many as 3,691 gentlemen, professional men, and merchants. Unfortunately, the inference so strongly suggested by those figures is vitiated by the fact that the occupation of 18,470 passengers to the United States is not ascertained. It is to be hoped that some means may be devised of remedying this defect in future years. As matters stand, the table is all but useless. Still we have enough to show the extreme probability of Mr. Giffen's opinion that, for the moment, emigration to the United States is at an end. In any case, we have indisputable evidence that emigration to every destination is all but suspended, and that consequently the population of the United Kingdom is now being augmented by its whole natural increase. We showed last week how very rapid has been the growth of the population since Waterloo, in spite of the loss of three or four millions in Ireland. If the present state of things continues, the growth during the next few years will be at an exceptionally accelerated rate.

REVIEWS.

EWALD'S LIFE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.*

"THE future biographer of Sir Robert Walpole," writes Mr. Ewald—apparently referring to himself, without, we suppose, wishing to prejudice the question whether his work will be the

* *Sir Robert Walpole: a Political Biography. 1676-1745.* By Alex. Charles Ewald. Chapman & Hall. 1877.

inheritance of futurity—"is unable to add new matter to the materials already known to exist; he may rewrite the life and character of the statesman; but for his facts he must be indebted to the industry and research of Archdeacon Coxé." This acknowledgment, while commendable for its candour, is, to say the least, not superfluous; but when Mr. Ewald goes on, "with all modesty and without disloyalty to the author to whose labours I am entirely indebted for my information," to remark on the inconvenient arrangement of his predecessor's volumes, he might have taken occasion to point out that the octavo edition of Coxé's *Life of Walpole* is at least differently arranged from the quarto, and, as some may think, more conveniently than it, while at the same time it contains only a selection from the Correspondence. For the rest, Mr. Ewald has certainly not exceeded the modest pretensions of his preface. He has, in fact, with the exception of some general observations on Walpole's character and career, and a new motto from Horace not nearly as apt as the Archdeacon's from Terence, added little or nothing of significance to Coxé but a notice of the mysterious overtures made by Walpole at the close of his career to the Pretender, and a few details concerning the second Lady Walpole which were not absolutely indispensable in a "political biography." Mr. Ewald's book is therefore to be judged as an adaptation. Viewing it as such, we shall not complain that the adapter has not only closely followed the general course of his original, but frequently borrowed the dialogue as well as the *scenariò*. It was quite unnecessary for him, in passages frankly taken over from his model, to introduce minute alterations such as merely harass the comparing eye, but which, it is clear, are not intended in any way to disguise the openness of the process of transfer. Sometimes there is a broader dissimilarity, and Mr. Ewald, while taking a hint from Coxé, carries it out in his own way, as if he were doing business on his own account. Thus, having given a description (after Coxé) of Walpole's commercial measures of the year 1721, and having cited (after Coxé) Dean Tucker's eulogistic declaration in reference to them, Mr. Ewald is (for Coxé's own sake) unable to follow his predecessor in the reflection that "none of the English historians have paid a due tribute of applause to these beneficial exertions of Ministerial capacity. While some of them enter, with a tedious minuteness, into a detail of foreign transactions, and echo from one to the other the never-failing topic of Hanoverian influence; while they dwell with malignant pleasure on those parts of his conduct which in their opinion prove the ascendancy of influence and corruption; while they repeat the speeches and reproaches of Opposition, they suffer these salutary regulations, which ought to render the name of Walpole dear to every Englishman, to be principally confined to books of rates and taxes, and only to be maintained by commercial writers." This is both effective and to the purpose, but could not be reproduced without considerable recasting. Yet it seemed a pity that so good an opportunity for a spirited "aside" should be foregone, and accordingly, *mutatis mutandis*, we read in Mr. Ewald:—

But posterity, in its remembrance of the statesmen who, though great and wise in the main, have yet left behind them a reputation not unswayed by some mixture of evil, is too apt to fix its regard on the evil instead of the good, on the shade to the exclusion of the light. Sir Robert Walpole has been handed down by history as the great Minister of Corruption, who kept his majorities in the House of Commons by the lavish distribution of Treasury gold, and whose simple creed was that every man has his price. We forget in his vices the virtues of the Minister under whom England enjoyed the blessings of peace as she had never enjoyed them since the days of James I., who was the first to place our system of finance on a sound footing, and who, unlike many of his predecessors and contemporaries in power, was never bloodthirsty in his revenge:—

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

Now and then one cannot, even at the risk of seeming difficult to please, help wishing that Mr. Ewald had copied Coxé with more absolute conscientiousness, and thus avoided a slip or two of his own. In narrating the curious negotiations which preceded the death of the Duke of Orleans in 1723, Coxé always calls him by his name, but Mr. Ewald, by way of variation, calls him "the Regent," though he had several months previously resigned the Regency. It is less excusable that, when Coxé correctly speaks of Walpole as, with the exception of Admiral Montagu, "the only commoner who, since the reign of James I., had been dignified by the" order of the Garter, Mr. Ewald should reproduce this remark in the form that Walpole was, with the same single exception, "the only commoner who has ever been so highly honoured." He might have avoided this gratuitous blunder by remembering a passage in the great speech on Sandys's motion, which he quotes in a later page of his book, when Walpole, referring to "the little ornament about his shoulders," observed that "surely, though this may be regarded with envy or indignation in another place, it cannot be supposed to raise any resentment in this House, where many may be pleased to see those honours which their ancestors have worn restored again to the Commons." But Mr. Ewald possibly has notions of his own as to the meaning of the term Commoner, or how should we explain the astounding statement we meet with elsewhere, that "even at the present day, in spite of the two Reform Bills, we can almost count on one hand the Administrations since the Revolution that have been led by a Commoner"? A slovenly printer may be held accountable for such oddities as "Francis Lorraine Grand Duke of Tuscany" and Secretary "Scrags"; but the author himself must be responsible for speaking of Hanover as "the Kingdom of the Elector." In

the matter of syntax Mr. Ewald allows himself a more than Elizabethan license. Godolphin is described as the Minister "whom Charles II. said was never in the way and never out of the way." Elsewhere we read, "The contrast between the man who had been Minister to the first George and he who was to be the adviser of the present monarch, was not lost upon one who was no poor student of human nature"; and again, "To enter into the correspondence that passed between Whitehall and Madrid, and the resolutions and amendments moved in both Houses of Parliament concerning the aggressions of Spain, are foreign to my purpose." Such slips are venial in a writer in whom they are not, as in Mr. Ewald, significant of a haste which more and more threatens to render useless the qualifications he possesses for historical authorship. Nor, although upon the whole his present book offends less frequently in this direction than might have been expected, is he yet able to resist the temptation to a certain tawdriness of style which recalls a very different species of literature from that to which a "political biography" should aspire to belong. In what sense could Walpole have considered the Church of England "a miserable compromise between *Vaticanism* and *Lutheranism*"; and is there not an echo of a certain familiar youthful roar in the flourish that Walpole "knew the wiles and wants of the human heart better than Balzac or La Bruyère"? Why not than Theophrastus and the author of *Middlemarch*?

The haste of which we must hold Mr. Ewald convicted shows itself in other matters besides composition. It is surely an error, in p. 19, to speak of the indignation of the University of Cambridge, instead of the indignation in the University of Cambridge, having been extreme at the imposition of the Act of Abjuration. "Whigs" had begun to "see the force of argument" at Cambridge already in King William's reign: and indeed, in p. 20, it appears that the Jacobites at that University were in a minority which had its headquarters, like the Conservatism of later days, in "Margaret's studious glade." (Dr. G—, as Mr. Ewald might have discovered by looking into a Cambridge Calendar, is the then Master of St. John's, Humphrey Gower.) In a note to p. 57 one is startled to find Sir Isaac Newton's appointment to the Mastership of the Mint given as the first of a number of examples intended to illustrate the statement in the text that "both Whigs and Tories kept in their pay and handsomely rewarded men of acknowledged eminence in literature to advocate their policy." Now undoubtedly Newton was a good Whig, and undoubtedly it was as such that, after accompanying the Vice-Chancellor of the University before the High Commission in 1687 as a silent delegate, he sat in the Convention Parliament as a silent member, and again represented his University in the Parliament of 1701. But is there any reason to quarrel with the statement of Haynes, cited by Macaulay, that his qualifications for the Wardenship of the Mint were "his extraordinary skill in numbers, and his great integrity," and with the belief that he never rendered, nor was expected to render, any party service? Undoubtedly he certified, as in duty bound, the quality of Wood's Halfpence; but the services which he had in former times rendered to Montagu were services such as an energetic official who holds that his duty to the public precedes all other calls is in the habit of rendering to the Government he serves. By the by, as this particular note is one which, with variations, recurs in many books, it may be worth while observing that Stepney, who is mentioned by Mr. Ewald in the same connexion, was surely a diplomatist by profession. In some matters of more importance for his subject Mr. Ewald shows little inclination to examine both sides of the question. In his account of Stanhope's conduct before the break-up of the Townshend-Walpole Ministry, which he stigmatizes as "mean and black double-dealing," he leaves out of sight, or at all events makes no comments upon, the historian Lord Stanhope's indignant defence of his kinsman against the misrepresentation of Coxé. On the other hand, with reference to the reasons which explain Walpole's success in gaining over Queen Caroline and, through her, the new King her husband, Mr. Ewald seems to overlook some of the considerations which Coxé himself has noticed, and which certainly, to our mind, show why the Queen was favourably disposed beforehand to the Minister whose main support she afterwards became. Doubtless "the bribe," as Mr. Ewald roundly (and we do not say inappropriately) calls Walpole's offer of nearly doubling the Queen's allowance as proposed by Sir Spencer Compton, had its influence; and the news opportunely brought by Horace Walpole of the strong desire entertained by Cardinal Fleury for the continuance of the existing English Ministry helped to determine the mind of King George II.; but there is no reason why the judgment of Queen Caroline should not be held to have been founded to a great extent upon what she had observed of the wisdom and prudence, in public affairs and in the private affairs of the Court, of the Minister whose overthrow had been looked forward to as a necessary consequence of the change of sovereign. To advert to a very different subject, Mr. Ewald has given a most inadequate account of Walpole's famous Playhouse Bill. Its policy has his thorough approval, although he seems to incline to the view that at the present day the supervision of the stage might be left to the good taste of the public. This last is of course a matter of opinion; but Mr. Ewald's account of the circumstances which led to the Bill itself is unsatisfactory. He does not show that, so far as the licensing of plays was concerned, it was merely the resumption of powers which had been abandoned more by oversight than anything else. On the other hand, his remarks on the previous history of the stage are singularly imperfect; for he does not seem to be

aware of the reaction which had been with considerable success attempted against the immorality of the Restoration drama by Steele and Colley Cibber—the very persons, by the by, who (as Coxe reminds us) had received a patent which relieved the plays acted by their company from any supervision.

The general view taken by Mr. Ewald of the character and career of Sir Robert Walpole as a politician is effectively placed before the reader, and gives proof of a certain candour and vigour of judgment in which on previous occasions we have found Mr. Ewald to be by no means deficient. He has not been able to throw much light of his own upon the difficulty which remains in forming an opinion as to the more doubtful aspects of Walpole's political life. The ridiculous failure of the Committee of Inquiry, composed almost entirely of the fallen Minister's enemies, to bring home to him on any appreciable scale the charge of corruption, can hardly be accepted as decisive either way. At the same time there is, as Mr. Ewald says, great force in the remark of Sir Robert Peel, quoted at the conclusion of this volume, that "it does seem marvellous that, if bribery was so systematic, and corruption so shameless and notorious, if elections were unduly influenced to so novel and extraordinary a degree, if fraudulent contracts were granted so lavishly—that the specific instances of these misdeeds, on the part of a fallen and most unpopular Minister, should be so very meagre, and supported by such imperfect proofs." And already Coxe had shown that, as a matter of fact, the sums expended during Walpole's last ten years of office as Secret Service money were not exceptionally great, when compared with those usually spent in the three previous reigns. There seems accordingly no reason to regard Walpole as specially responsible for, or specially representative of, a system which was all but inseparable from the condition of the politics of two generations. But apart from this question stands that of personal corruption or speculation, of which an irrefragable proof has been sought in the large sums expended by him upon hospitality, and upon the enlargement and adornment of his Houghton estate. On this head, again, Sir Robert Peel has pointed out that it is easy to prejudge the case. The legitimate gains of some of the offices held by Walpole were very great, as the payment was mainly by fees; and, when out of office, he had speculated successfully in South Sea Stock. His wife's dowry appears to have been moderate, and to have been expended upon the charges on his estate arising from his father's will. On the other hand, the money Walpole spent in the purchase of land in Norfolk may have been partly paid by mortgage on the land itself; and, indeed, that such was the case is probable from the statement of his son that on his death his estate was much mortgaged. It is not unlikely that the public notice which his entertainments attracted caused their cost to be exaggerated, though, in point of fact, it was not under the circumstances excessive (3,000*l.* a year); and it is certain that he died, if not, as Horace Walpole says, very poor, at least, as Sir Robert Peel conjectured, an embarrassed man. To these considerations Mr. Ewald is able to add, from information derived from the Walpole family, the statement that Coxe much underrated the rental of Houghton.

If, then, of these charges of corruption and speculation the one has, in common fairness, to be treated as the reverse of exceptional, while the other may be dismissed as unproved, there remains the charge which Mr. Ewald has insisted on with special energy throughout his biography, and which he repeats at the close. "Walpole," he says, "loved power with a selfishness and a jealousy that political history has never seen equalled." Stated in this form, the accusation is one which it would be difficult to rebut; while, on the other hand, it is both unnecessary and dangerous to resort, as Mr. Ewald elsewhere does, to the language of hyperbole, and to assert that, "when placed at the head of the nation, his policy was guided solely by the light of self-interest. If a certain line of action would strengthen his Administration he pursued it, indifferent whether such a course was of advantage or of disadvantage to the country." Perhaps the two most important occasions on which Walpole, while abandoning his policy in a matter of high importance, held to the office which no doubt he loved above all other things, were that of his relinquishment of the Excise scheme, and that of his consent to the declaration of war against Spain. With regard to the latter and more momentous issue, we hold with Mr. Ewald that it tarnishes Walpole's fame as a statesman. That he was almost isolated in his desire for peace, is no sufficient defence for his conduct in consenting to war; in this respect his position had not been very different, though no doubt less exposed to direct assault, in 1734, when the King, the Opposition, and many of his supporters, united in opposing the peaceful policy, and when his persistency prevailed. His defence, which threw the blame on the obstinacy of Spain, was transparently fictitious. In our opinion, in 1739 political honour obliged Walpole either to persist in his pacific policy or to resign. No Minister is justified in continuing to hold office after the declaration of a war which he condemns. But we cannot agree that similar considerations apply to his abandonment of the Excise scheme. "No one," says Mr. Ewald, "knew better than Walpole that the opposition his Bill encountered was unjust and short-sighted; but he was the last statesman to struggle for the development of the national good at the risk of official position." As to the merits of the plan dropped by him in deference to a popular agitation which he had himself contemptuously stigmatized there is now no dispute; but we agree with the simple comment of Lord Stanhope that "to strive for the people's good in the very face of all their wishes and opinions"—and that such would have been the case with the Excise scheme

surely admits of no doubt—"is a policy doubtful even in despotic Governments, but subversive of a free one." It was not a question which, according to the development which the system of party government had then reached, involved the continuance or resignation of the Cabinet; but it was one which certainly involved the immediate danger of bloodshed, and of a popular discontent such as the dynasty could not afford to brave.

The factiousness of Walpole when in opposition against Stanhope exceeded the limits of the excusable, though, as the history of politics shows, the conduct of Parliamentary statesmen in such phases of their career is in general little able to bear rigorous examination. On the other hand, the determination displayed by Walpole to be master in his own Cabinet, carried out with a ruthlessness which in the end isolated him among the leading politicians of his day, was of great service to the progress of our system of government. It should not be forgotten how imperfect were the ideas which continued to prevail in that age as to the necessity of even ostensible unanimity in the Administration. As late as 1736 we find the Lord Chancellor openly aiding the rejection in the Lords of a Government Bill which had passed the Commons. And of foreign affairs George I. never allowed the control to pass out of his own hands, while even George II. did not altogether abandon it. We might have wished that Mr. Ewald had, instead of contenting himself with a few passing references, shown how important was the position of Count Bernstorff as the confidential Foreign Minister, if we may use the expression, of King George I.; but his remarks on the personal abilities of that sovereign show how superficially he has examined the character of the foreign policy which George I., who, according to Mr. Ewald, "often mistook his prejudices for ideas," consistently pursued. It is more significant that, long after Walpole had acquired a commanding influence over foreign as well as domestic business, towards the close of his public career we find him deprecating the supposition that he controlled the foreign policy of the Crown. "I do not," he says, in the speech on Sandys's motion, "pretend, Sir, to be a great master of foreign affairs. In that post in which I have the honour to serve His Majesty it is not my business to interfere; and as one of His Majesty's Council I have but one voice." He goes on, it is true, to identify himself with the policy actually pursued; but the disclaimer is of importance with reference to the position which the man who "created the office of Prime Minister" actually attributed to himself.

A perusal of this biography cannot fail to bring to mind the singular combination of abilities which enabled the great Minister of Peace, as Mr. Ewald appropriately calls Sir Robert Walpole, to hold his own so long against his rivals and adversaries; and, when he had at last succumbed before them, to send a Parthian shot among their ranks which half undid their victory. He was—and this it is which so long secured him the confidence of large classes in the nation, and which entitles him to be called a great statesman—a man of measures as well as of speeches. It was a successful financial measure, carried through at a critical moment, that first raised him to the height of power; and it was to what he had done that he could with real effect appeal in his great defence of his administration. Yet the power of his oratory in itself very strikingly appears in the examples given in this volume, and shows how tenaciously his vigorous mind must have preserved the elements of culture which it had received in youth, but to which he had disdained to add in after years. His insight into character was no doubt penetrating, strengthened as it was by an experience of power unparalleled among the statesmen of his day, and equalled in the case of very few of his successors. His readiness of resource, which, it must be granted, was aided by extreme unscrupulousness, was perhaps most extraordinary in the days when his downfall was approaching, although it then proved of little use except to break his fall. His boldness of front was not altogether that of the proverbial Horatian just man; but it completed his political armour; and perhaps the surest sign that his days of power were running out was the "unusual feebleness" with which he met the first attack made upon him in the Parliament destined to witness his overthrow. Concerning so remarkable a man and so remarkable a career there is always much to learn from a careful review of their relations to the age and the history to which they belong; and we only wish that Mr. Ewald had taken the trouble to improve his opportunity in this respect. But, though his book is neither unreadable nor uninteresting, it owes little to the thought, and less to the research, of its author.

PERAK.*

PERAK affords one among many instances of the complications that may arise at any moment when English civilization comes in contact with Oriental despotism. The course of events may be predicted almost with certainty. We have settlements somewhere or other distinguished by order, prosperity, and good government. On their border lies some principality in which factions are cutting each other's throats, slavery is an institution, piracies are rife, and the choice lies between a cruel tyranny and chaos. The English Governor is naturally afraid of the contagion of bad example; the English soldier would like nothing better than to teach "those fellows" a lesson; and the English merchant is excited by stories of a new opening for commerce, of a virgin

* *Perak and the Malays; Sarong and Kris.* By Major F. McNair, R.A. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1878.

soil, and of inexhaustible mineral wealth. So this country of wild tribes and irresponsible despots is to be brought within the wholesome influence of British rule. It must be handed over, for a time at least, to our direct management; or else some official, specially marked out for the work by his tact, experience, and knowledge of the native character, must go to the capital as Resident, to advise, instruct, and develop whatever indigenous capacity he may find. The right man is very soon found; a proclamation is issued; a salute is fired; the representative of British force and equity takes up his abode in the capital, and, for a time, all goes well. Presently, however, the Resident becomes aware of the existence of a strong obstructive or conservative party, to which these arrangements are in the highest degree distasteful. Prejudices have been shocked; prescription has been rudely set aside; newfangled ideas of collecting revenue, appointing officials by merit, opening up the interior by roads, and making peer and peasant equal in the eye of the law, are pressed on the sovereign and his ministers with an ominous intimation of some mightier force in reserve; and the whole thing becomes unbearable. When the train is thus laid anything may set it alight. And, in these days of rapid communication, the British householder is startled by an announcement that an English officer at some place he never before heard of has been attacked, wounded, or assassinated by a wild tribe; and that a compact naval and military force is already on its way to the scene of action for the purpose of restoring order and avenging the insult offered to the national flag. We have been led into these remarks by the chapters in which Major McNair narrates the dissensions in Perak which led to the appointment of the late Mr. Birch as Resident there, and of Captain Speedy as Assistant Resident at Laroot. That Mr. Birch was a man, by temper and experience, highly qualified for such an onerous position; that the disturbances in Perak, the weakness of the Muntri, the piracies of his opponents, the danger to our own possessions, rendered some interference imperative; that the outbreak in which Mr. Birch lost his life was not provoked by any intemperate or ill-advised act on his part, we are ready to admit. All we say is, that these events repeat each other, and might have been foretold by any one acquainted with the Asiatic character. Wherever the Malay Kris or the Afghan matchlock is ready to be used on the slightest provocation, or on none at all, it behoves Englishmen to think twice or thrice before they commit themselves to what it is the fashion to term a spirited policy of enlarging our borders and extending our influence. There may indeed be occasions when we cannot but interpose. We have lawful traders to protect; we have distinct pledges to redeem; we have treaties to enforce; or we have troublesome neighbours to keep in order. More reason, then, that we should not lend an ear too readily to seductive tales about mines that only require the British pickaxe, and marts that only wait for the British trader, in order to become centres of civilization and commerce. We have read this advertisement so often that we confess to considerable scepticism regarding the success of any enterprise which is not forced upon us by the highest political and moral considerations. For the case of Perak there is, as Major McNair shows, some justification, and no irrevocable step has been taken. But we have always fears for any officer in such a position, attended by a force just enough to irritate others and not sufficient to ensure his safety.

It is not our intention to follow the author through the steps taken by the authorities in the Straits Settlements when Mr. Birch had been murdered, and when two resolute young Englishmen were shut up in the Residency with only four seamen and some sixty native allies. It is sufficient to say that there was no mismanagement in the conduct of the expedition, nor was there any savagery in the retribution. The country was worse than Burnah for active operations. The jungle was dense; the foe unseen and active; the stockades defended by sharp bamboos, deep ditches, earthworks, and wattled fences. But the troops pushed on in spite of heat and exhaustion, dragging guns and provisions through muddy paths and wildernesses of wild canes, creepers, and vines, until the strongholds of the enemy were reached and stormed. It may satisfy philanthropists to learn that only three personages of rank, guilty of having instigated the murder of the Resident, were hanged. Others were imprisoned or deported; the ex-Sultan Abdullah was sent off to Mahé in the Seychelles; a new ruler was set up in the person of Raja Yusuf; and a new Resident, Mr. Hugh Low, was sent to aid him with countenance and advice. There has been no annexation, and we can only hope that these arrangements may result in the reforms and the settled government which Major McNair anticipates.

From political convulsions we gladly turn to the accounts of the climate, manners, and social customs, in which Major McNair is seen at his best. "Kris" is, of course, the Malay creese. "Sarong" is the native dress or kilt, though in one passage it is referred to also as the sheath of the national weapon. There is no index, but the chapters are short and numerous, and to each is prefixed a good table of contents. There is a very fair map and thirteen illustrations, which bring home to us the chiefs in their dresses, the rich vegetation, the wild tribes with their scanty clothing, and the Perak elephants. One remark we must make as regards these animals. In the picture the trunks seem resting on the ground. This, within our experience, is just what these sagacious beasts would never do. They have the art of dropping their trunks within half an inch of the ground without touching it, and they will march the whole day over an uneven soil without ever suffering this tender part of the body to come in contact with a stone or clod. Major McNair complains, too, that the elephant

puts down its hind feet exactly in the holes made by the two fore feet. We can assure him that this is only done where the ground is soft or insecure, and that rivers and swamps could not be safely crossed otherwise. On a hard surface the prints of the four feet are perfectly discernible, all separate from each other. One peculiarity of this part of the Malay peninsula is the total absence of roads. Rivers have hitherto sufficed for all communication, and as a rule villages are built on their banks. Houses are raised on piles of bamboo, and seem quite equal, if not superior, to those of hamlets in a Bengali district. The similarity of the foliage to that of India in the bamboo, the cocoanut, and the areca palm is obvious. Mangrove jungle is, we believe, nowhere found in India, but it lines the banks of creeks and lagoons within a few degrees of the Equator. Another distinctive feature is the general uniformity of the climate, and in this Perak resembles parts of Ceylon. We apprehend that a range of ten degrees, or from seventy-six to eighty-six Fahrenheit, would represent the normal temperature of the low-lying grounds in Perak. Major McNair expatiates with great zest and animation on the vegetables and fruits of the Malay peninsula. Whether a profusion of gourds and chillies, water-melons, and sweet potatoes, can compensate for the absence of the European potato is doubtful; and, though we agree with him in his praises of the mangosteen, and only regret that this delicious fruit will not stand a sea voyage of much more than a week, we are hardly prepared to recognize the *durian* as the king of fruits. In one sense it possesses the attributes of despotism. A fruit as big as a man's head, and sharp set with spikes, may well cause death or severe injury if it falls, as it does sometimes, on the head of a passer-by. But we hardly think there is anything very attractive in its "two or three seeds as big as chestnuts," "surrounded by a thick cream like a custard flavoured with almonds," and occasionally reminding the eater of "cream cheese, onion sauce, brandy, sherry, and other incongruities." The presence of a *durian* is detected at some distance, and it occasionally smells like a lighted brick-kiln. The orange is not found in Perak itself, nor is the teak-tree, but gutta-percha is abundant, and there is plenty of other fine timber fitted for building, and some ebony. Percha, we are told, is the native name for Sumatra, whence the gutta or gum was perhaps originally brought. Major McNair doubts the poisonous qualities of the Ipoh or Upas-tree, but admits that it may be injurious to sleep under its shade. The oil of capeput, more properly Kayoo Puteh, is extracted from the tree of that name by the natives. The author recommends that "settlers" should try to introduce cotton, tea, tobacco, and cinchona, and is rather sanguine of success, while admitting that one or two experiments have been as yet failures. He rather neatly says that "Perak is a wilderness of fertility waiting for the busy hand of man." Leeches are great pests. The jungles swarm with mosquitoes, and the rivers with alligators. The Malays have a plan of baiting a rope with a fowl and so dragging the alligator on shore, as the strands get between the monster's teeth and cannot be snapped like a chain. Fish crowd the waters, and every one fishes, even old women; but we can hardly accept the belief that "Perak streams probably contain trout." We do not think that this species is found anywhere in the tropics. Game birds are various and plentiful if they can only be got at. But those who wish for large bags must content themselves with snipe and quail in the low and open grounds. To penetrate the jungle on the chance of finding the Argus pheasant is not encouraging, if it be the case that a practised native hunter only "shoots one or two in a long course of years." Major McNair discusses the question whether the Malay peninsula did not furnish the peacocks mentioned in 1 Kings, chap. x., v. 22, as brought to Solomon by the navy of Tharshish, and thinks that the Hebrew word *tukiyim* resembles the Malay word for a bird, *chim* or *tchem*. Sir E. Tennant had already noticed the resemblance of the Hebrew to the Tamil word for peacock, *tokei* or *topei*. This is a point on which more difference of opinion may arise than as to the flavour and delicacy of the bird itself. A peacock is quite equal to the best pheasant, and a tough old hen makes a splendid *consommé*. The truth is, however, that Perak and its vicinity are no places for the English sportsman. It is useless in such a difficult country to hold out to him visions of splendid deer, the spotted, the hog-deer, and the Sambar; of fierce wild boars and fiercer tigers; of an occasional rhinoceros, and of harmless bears and black leopards.

Fully as much information is given about the Malay races and their customs and language. We were quite prepared to hear that they are listless and indolent, and yet quick at taking offence and extremely revengeful. A vivid description is given of the practice of running *amok*; but it is consoling to think that the police have invented a device for catching the murderer alive, so that he may be put regularly on his trial. Instead of shooting or cutting down the maniac who has just spread terror through the bazaar, leaving dead and wounded on his track, the policeman arms himself with a huge pitchfork, between the prongs of which he cleverly fixes the offender to the wall, when he is soon disarmed and pinioned. It would seem as if the excitement which leads to *amok* is due as often to revenge as to *bhany* and opium. Other customs are either harmless or amusing. The Malay chews betel, smokes opium instead of chewing it, weaves mats, works cleverly in gold and silver, is much addicted to swimming, and is an adept at a singular game of *raga*, in which the main object is to keep an elastic ball, when once thrown in the air, from falling to the ground. To effect this the hands, feet, knees, and shoulders, and, indeed, all parts of the body, are brought into play. Those who have introduced Polo and attempted La Crosse might vary lawn tennis by a game of *raga*.

Cock-fighting has been put down in our own settlements, but it still flourishes outside them; and we regret to think that the Duke of Edinburgh was treated by a native prince some years ago to a fight between a buffalo and a tiger, in which the latter was easily vanquished and gored to death.

There are many other topics on which ample information is afforded; the custom of slavery as a penalty for non-payment of debt; a reverence for imps and demons which is not incompatible with a strict observance of the tenets of Mohammedanism; wedding feasts, at which goats and buffaloes are sacrificed; an unpleasant habit of filing the teeth of a bride; and the Malay language, which is rich, soft, and harmonious, and has, it is said, the inestimable advantage of introducing the learner to verbs without a conjugation and to nouns without cases. This is Major McNair's view, but what is really meant must be that there are no case-endings to the nouns, and that, with verbs, the idea of time and the changes from neuter to active are indicated by affixing or prefixing certain particles. In the same way the cases of nouns are shown by prepositions, and plurals or numbers by a word of plurality. Arabic and Sanskrit terms have been engrafted on the original basis of Malay; and from its simplicity, smoothness, harmony, and power of adaptation, it is considered a "strong and powerful vernacular." The Bible and the Koran have been translated into Malay, and some specimens of the poetry quoted in this volume are not unpleasing.

Most of the facts stated by our author are the result of personal experience, extending over several years. But one episode of the ascent of Mount Ophir stands out so distinctly from the other chapters that we may conclude by giving a summary of the visit. The Mount, to which we have given the above Scriptural title, is about fifty miles to the east of the settlement of Malacca. For a very short way the travellers had carriages or ponies; but these were soon left behind, and a mere track took them through dense jungle and occasional open spaces, where leeches sucked, mosquitoes bit, and tropical rains descended. One night was passed in a Malay village, and a second in a hut extemporized by the guides in the jungle at the foot of the mountain; sleep was delayed or interrupted by songs in the vernacular, and by the shrill cry of the Argus pheasant. Next day, by starting about 7 A.M., the party managed to reach the summit, after a very arduous struggle, by 4 P.M. They encamped under a rock for the night, and made out the altitude to be about 4,000 feet; though other travellers have made it much more. The thermometer marked sixty-two in the morning. The air was fresh, the view extensive but monotonous, over undulating jungle and lower ranges of hills relieved by clear spaces in which green rice was seen. A bath in some hot springs refreshed the travellers on their return from what was a successful though hasty trip. Traces of gold workings, old and new, were visible at the foot of the hill. Those who wish to discuss the probable position of the Biblical Ophir will find a flood of learning on the subject in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. We are not prepared to fix a locality which has been variously placed "in Arabia, in India, on the Burmese coast, at Ceylon, on the East Coast of Africa, in Armenia, in Phrygia, in Iberia, and in South America, where it has been identified with Peru." Major McNair's book, while it tells a good deal, leads to the conclusion that more may be expected when Perak shall have been improved and civilized by native rulers amenable to English influence. That it ever can become a place for Englishmen to "settle in" permanently appears to us visionary.

LAVELEYE ON PRIMITIVE PROPERTY.*

M. DE LAVELEYE'S elaborate essay on *Primitive Property* is well worth translating for the English public, and it has been translated with care and skill by Mr. Marriott, and published with a preface by Mr. Cliffe Leslie. Had it been a work only for jurists, it might perhaps have been left with advantage in its original form, as it is always better to follow the exact language of an author, and jurists can, as a rule, read French as easily as English. But M. de Laveleye does not write for jurists only. He addresses politicians and statesmen and the general public, and his inquiries into the history of property in primitive times are meant to support the views he has to put forward as to the dangers and needs of modern democracy. A more important problem cannot be raised than that presented by the question what form of the distribution and enjoyment of land best suits the requirements of modern society, and it is by no means a disadvantage to English readers that the conclusions at which M. de Laveleye arrives are such as to startle and perhaps to repel them. Nothing stimulates thought so much as the perusal of a work with which we do not agree, provided the author is not a mere shallow theorist. The theories of M. de Laveleye are not at all shallow, and amply repay the consideration they provoke. But, although the primary interest of the volume is not a juridical one, it is of great value to jurists as pushing to the furthest necessary point the conclusion with which Sir Henry Maine has made English jurists familiar, that property held in common preceded individual ownership. Sir Henry Maine pointed out that what was once thought to be a peculiarity of the Slavonic tribes has left deep traces in Germany

and England, and is still a living reality in India. A vast amount of inquiry has in recent years been made in the same direction, and M. de Laveleye is able to show that in every part of the world—in Java and in China, in Negroland and Peru, in France, Spain, and Italy—the history of property follows the same course. Primitive man does not occupy land at all, but directly families and tribes are formed the tribe occupies the run of pasture necessary for its subsistence. With the introduction of agriculture the tribal land devoted to the raising of crops is distributed temporarily among the heads of families, to be resumed and reallocated periodically by the common authority. Subsequently the lots remain in the hands of patriarchal families without repartition. Then individual property, subject to many fetters, imposed in the interest either of the family or of the common authority, commences, until at length all but individual ownership fades away. Individual ownership is fostered by the preponderance of the chief man who begins to have property apart from his inferiors, by the wish to buy protection, or the necessity of submitting to it, which substitutes the supreme ownership of a stranger for that of the clan or commune, and by the pressure of population which requires that all that can be got out of the soil should be obtained by the zeal of the individual owner. Such, in general terms, is the theory of the history of property to which M. de Laveleye has now put the finishing touches. At what stage of the process any particular nation happens to be is of course a matter of special inquiry. But all nations are at some stage of it, and those who are at the later stages still show abundant traces of having passed through the earlier ones.

To the literature which concerns itself with the history of property M. de Laveleye's work is a very valuable contribution, both from the richness of materials accumulated in it and from the lucidity and precision with which the work is written. But we may leave those interested in this special subject to appreciate the merits which this volume has for them, and direct our attention to the lessons for the modern world which M. de Laveleye thinks the history of property, if duly studied, will reveal. These lessons are startling enough. The propositions at which he arrives are that the common enjoyment of property brings with it greater happiness to mankind than the enjoyment of property by individuals; that, so far as is possible, the common enjoyment of property should be confirmed where it exists, and introduced anew where it has ceased to exist; and, where this is not possible, that persons without property should be regarded as having been stripped by bad social customs of their inheritance, and that they should be compensated by a repentant society for their loss. He further regards the autonomy of the commune as essential to democracy, and democracy as the destiny of the world. We do not see that there are any doctrines of the communists of Paris with which M. de Laveleye does not, as a philosophical historian, agree; although he would of course separate himself entirely from those who might seek to establish by violence the doctrines he espouses. That a man so learned, so moderate, and so liberal as M. de Laveleye should have been brought by his studies and by his observations of life to accept all the cardinal doctrines of socialism is a fact which seems to us well worthy of attention; and to Englishmen it has the special interest that it is England which furnishes M. de Laveleye with the type of all that he thinks ought to be avoided. The main thought which seems to occupy his mind is the necessity for other nations to avoid, if possible, the enormous error of English social arrangements by which there are what he terms *latifundia* on one side, and a mass of ignorant, hopeless, pauperized agricultural labourers on the other.

It may be noticed at the outset that M. de Laveleye combines two theories, which he has a perfect right to combine, as he thinks both true, and as, if true, they bear conspicuously on each other, but which rest on reasoning of quite different kinds. His first theory is a deduction from history, and is to the effect that experience proves that community of property tends to human happiness. The second is a deduction from a philosophy of human nature, and is to the effect that every man, by the fact of his birth, has a right to enough property to furnish him with what he needs. Women, it may be observed, are ignored in this philosophy, or at any rate it only allows them a right of dowry, or, if they do not marry or are left widows, a right to be maintained by their male relations. The argument, stated shortly, is this—every man has a right to liberty, but for liberty property is indispensable, therefore every man has a right to property. M. de Laveleye quotes passages from many philosophers and jurists, principally Germans, who agree with him in thinking this argument valid, but their concurrence does not carry us further than to make us know that they do concur. What is meant by every man having a right to liberty? If the argument is pushed far enough, it seems to us equivalent to a complaint that the scheme of the universe is a faulty scheme. A philosopher, if he likes, and if he knows of any tribunal that will give effect to his argument, may contend with plausibility that the human race is a gigantic mistake. But when philosophy has had its say, we still find ourselves in a world where very many men are not free and very many men have no property. Let us assume that by liberty we mean the development of capacities, and by property the command of the means of development of capacities, and no one will deny that, if every man (leaving women to their dowry) had the means of developing all his capacities for good and not the means of developing his capacities for evil, the world would be a better world than it is. It seems a great pity to confuse this statement by introducing inappropriate juridical phraseology, and

* *Primitive Property*. Translated from the French of Émile de Laveleye, by R. L. Marriott. With an Introduction by T. Cliffe Leslie. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

talking of rights to liberty or rights to property; but, if the above statement is what M. de Laveleye and his jurists mean, the choice of diction is, after all, immaterial. But why is not the world so good as it might be? Partly from the imperfection of human institutions, but mainly from the imperfection of the scheme of things; or, to speak more accurately, from the incongruity of human nature with the scheme of things. This scheme of things permits men to multiply their race without regard to consequences, and causes them to find their greatest gratification in sensual pleasures and the exercise of dominion. Through too many people being born and through too eager a pursuit of sensual pleasures, and especially the pleasure of intoxication, misery, the want of liberty, and the want of property are produced under the scheme of things with which man has to do. Human institutions can do something to make men behave more or less wisely. What institutions will be most likely to produce this effect depends, as experience shows, very much on the whole circumstances of the men and their surroundings to whom these institutions are applied. All that any man can ask is that those who control his fortunes, so far as legislators and governors can control them, should choose those institutions which are best under a given set of circumstances. The common enjoyment of property was never a matter of deliberate choice among the nations where it has obtained a real hold. But its revival in nations where it has ceased would be a matter of choice, and a proposal for its revival is to be tested by asking whether the choice to revive it would be wise under the particular circumstances of a given country. That some men have enjoyed some happiness under the system of community of property which they would not have found under another system is very possible; but that their condition is worth imitating under a different state of things is not to be assumed, but must be proved.

The chief proofs which M. de Laveleye adduces to establish the advantages of holding property in common are derived from the history of the Russian Mir, from that of the South Slavonic families, and from that of the Swiss Allmends. We need not bestow much attention on the South Slavonic families, because M. de Laveleye attributes such prosperity as they have attained to the pressure of Turkey, which exercised a government good enough to let the families thrive up to a certain point and bad enough to prevent their thriving more; and he sees that, as the pressure of the Turkish Government is withdrawn, they necessarily break up. If the happiness of mankind depends on the pressure of the Turkish Government, it is something quite unattainable, and we need not trouble ourselves to search for it. The Russian Mir is in a different position. Russian theorists have been found to boast that the Mir is the greatest invention of human ingenuity, that it is the secret of Russian greatness, and that it is the mission of Russia to teach its benefits to pauperized and distracted Europe. Some eminent statesman, too, has said—whether the saying is rightly attributed to Bismarck or Cavour—that it was not the armies of Russia, but the contagious influence of its Mir, that inspired him with dread. There can be no doubt that the Mir has introduced a certain amount of well-being into Russia, and that it has had a great share in forming the history and the character of the people. It is also true, no doubt, that persons who believe in the rights of man to have liberty and to have property, apart from the position of particular men under the scheme of things, will find in the Russian Mir much to exercise their fancy. But other nations have had their Mirs, which did much good in their day, being apparently an inevitable stage in human history, and have abandoned them; and we naturally ask what peculiar properties the Russian Mirs have which will enable them to resist the solvents which have eaten into the Mirs of other nations. These solvents are, as we have said, the influence of great men, the pressure of population, and the energy of individuals. We find that, whereas there are three divisions of agricultural wealth which the commune ought theoretically to enjoy—the forest, the meadows, and the arable land—in Russia the nobles have appropriated the first two, and a war of classes is not only threatened, but has in some districts begun, on this account. The pressure of population is avoided in two ways. There is a vast tract of land eastwards, towards which the superabundant population can press, and the population thins itself in the most effective way. The women of the Mir work in the fields, and neglect their infants, and the babies die by wholesale, and thus the Mir is kept going. Lastly, where the energy of individuals would be necessary to produce increased crops from poor land, the Mir goes on by not getting any but the poorest returns from the soil. M. de Laveleye informs us that where the black soil of Russia does not extend the land produces less than in any other part of Europe. As those who do not like to cultivate bad land can migrate to better land, individual energy has not been needed to make the bad land more productive. An institution which leads to a war of classes, is dependent on mothers killing off their babies, and is inconsistent with good farming, except where nature does almost all the work, certainly does not seem, when closely examined, so dangerous to Europe as the Russian army.

The capital instance, however, of communal prosperity on which M. de Laveleye insists is that of the Swiss Allmends. It is the Swiss Allmends that he solemnly warns Europe it must copy or perish. Democracy without the Swiss Allmends at its basis is a spurious and rotten democracy, and contains the seeds of its own destruction. To his inquiries into the working and constitution of the Allmends M. de Laveleye has devoted the most earnest attention, and he has collected much interesting information. Mr. Freeman

long ago examined these tiny democracies, where every man takes a share in legislation, from the point of view of political philosophy, and explained their great value as types of early political institutions. But M. de Laveleye has been the first to make us acquainted with their social and economical results in the present day. They are no doubt highly successful. They are not troubled with great men. They get out of the soil as much as could be got out of it in any way. Forests, alps, meadows, and patches where cereals are grown are all turned to good account. The men are independent, contented, and have the inestimable advantage of being trained in the responsible management of their own affairs. They have preserved the institution of common property, and present it in the most favourable light. It is better, we should imagine, to be a peasant of Uri than a labourer in Dorsetshire, and it would increase the sum of human happiness if we could make the Dorsetshire labourer like the joint owner of a Swiss Allmend. But when we are asked not to admire Allmends in a Swiss mountain village, but to do away with our own *latifundia* and introduce Allmends into Dorsetshire, we feel that we must survey the position of the Allmends with peculiar care, or we may be trying to imitate what cannot be imitated. The first thing that strikes us is the extremely small scale on which the Allmends exist. They are only known in a tiny part of Switzerland, and for the most part are in high mountain districts. They are nearly as much a curiosity in Switzerland as they are in other parts of Europe. The population of the cantons where they are found is small, for the greater part of the territory is uninhabitable. Nature, therefore, does much to protect the Allmends against the pressure of population. Like most Swiss, too, the inhabitants of these districts seem to go away from home with readiness, and so make things easier for those who stay behind. But even in the happy districts themselves there appear to be many residents who are not hereditary owners of the Allmend, and a perpetual struggle is going on between the residents, who want to benefit by the communal property, and the owners, who want to exclude them. It is these residents who seem to destroy the value of the Allmends as a lesson to Europe. They too are men, and are supposed to have a natural right to liberty and property; but the owners of the Allmends take little more notice of their natural rights than if they were Dorsetshire labourers. But this is not all. In the Allmends themselves there are great inequalities of fortune. The richer members have much the best of it. They have many cows, and get much pasturage, while their poorer co-proprietors are obliged to be content with herbage for a goat or two. M. de Laveleye says that even to the poorest the Allmend is a benefit because it saves them from utter destitution. But it may be observed that throughout a great part of his work M. de Laveleye is constantly shifting to and fro between two different things—the right not to starve, and the right to have enough property to do justice to all man's capacities. To some men, in a very small peculiar isolated district, the Allmend gives property enough to do their capacities justice; to many it gives the means of warding off the last stage of hunger; to many it gives nothing at all. How is it possible that Europe should see a remedy for all its evils in copying such an institution? The notion of making Europe, and more especially England, happy by restoring in an artificial form the once natural and healthy system of hereditary common property deserves attention when advocated by so able and thoughtful a writer as M. de Laveleye, and may be discussed just as the advantages of peasant proprietorship may be discussed; but the general conclusion to which his work carries us is that he is dancing after a philosophical phantom.

RUBY GREY.*

IN a universe which seems to be arranged on the fine old constitutional plan of checks and balances there are reasons for thankfulness that Mr. Hepworth Dixon goes on writing novels. He might be doing worse. He might be compiling Guides to Mormonism, or turning history into blank verse and balderdash. History has still a character to lose, and fiction has none. Even Mr. Hepworth Dixon cannot write such nonsense but that some other amateur novelist will cap it with greater, or at least rival it with equal absurdity. His new story is not absolutely the wildest and most worthless that has ever come under our notice. Compared with his first tale, *Diana, Lady Lyle*, it is, perhaps, not so very bad after all. There is no one character in it so irritating as the hero of that series of paroxysms. The new characters frequently speak when they have anything to communicate, and do not "snap," "snarl," "hiss," "growl," or "flash." It is true that they frequently "chirp" and occasionally "hem," but on the whole their conversation is less like that of the creatures in a zoological garden than it used to be, and less apt to support that extreme theory of the origin of language which derives speech from animal noises. There is one other thing to be said in favour of *Ruby Grey*. We were reluctantly compelled to observe that *Diana, Lady Lyle*, had not one single redeeming quality. Now there is a redeeming feature in the history of Ruby Grey. The incident of Dot, the little neglected child, who finds that "nobody comes back," and infers that all her friends leave her to go to heaven, is touching, and not overdrawn. The heroine, too, is a respectable girl, and only once, as far as we

* *Ruby Grey*. By Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1878.

have observed, calls any one "a naughty man." There is probably nothing more to be said in favour of *Ruby Grey*.

Melodramatic stories are not necessarily absurd. We can follow the wanderings of Consuelo and Count Albert among catacombs and down pits, with considerable interest. When Count Albert, like the three little girls in *Alice in Wonderland*, insisted on living in a well, one feels that he had a reason for his choice of a residence. Curiosity is excited, memories of Mrs. Radcliffe are revived, and the reader loses himself with pleasure in the castle of Rudolstadt. But when the well is in Clerkenwell, and when Mr. Hepworth Dixon is our guide, it is quite another affair. One soon becomes convinced that the characters have no reason for their actions, and indeed no reason for existing. The spies find nobody out, for there is nothing to discover; the convicts have committed no crime that interests us; the detective is neither acute nor dull, but simply a detective of straw; in short, as the heroine feels, "The whole affair is like a feverish dream." A feverish dream is full of confusion, without mystery; of complications, without interest. Even the dreamer is aware that it signifies nothing; he has no curiosity, nothing but a vague wish that he might waken, and that the fantastic figures might fade into their native nothingness. The very same impression is produced by Mr. Dixon's romance. The only strong feeling the reader has is the desire to reach haven, and come to the colophon. He does not care one whit for the persons or their fate. He wishes to see an end of them, and is indifferent as to the nature of that end. A wedding or a death-bed scene will leave him equally unmoved, though he is certain that, if the villains do expire, they will die hard. The monotony of lax blank verse, too—an old besetting sin, as we need hardly say, of Mr. Dixon's—becomes intolerably tedious in the course of some nine hundred pages. One goes on scanning for half a page, and then there comes a needless alexandrine or a few broken lyric lines, after which the blank verse begins again. The reader feels like the negro slave who was reprimanded while he was being whipped. "Floggee, floggee, or prencee, prencee, massa," he said piteously; "but don't both floggee and prencee." Mr. Hepworth Dixon applies two tortures at once. Perhaps we could suffer a poem from him; perhaps we could endure a story. His style unfortunately combines the language of verse with the weariness of "lithic and sinewy prose." Here is an example (vol. i. p. 110):—

The smart of Norton's gash is sharp, for his
Assailant's knife was keen and long; a blade
Designed to rip and stab;
Yet as he passes by Crown Office Row,
Towards the terrace and the Temple Hall,
His tread is light, his humour gay. How bright
These summer stars; how hushed these flowers and elms;
How dark and picturesque these piles! He knows
The story of these buildings, one by one.

One does not mean to say that this is verse of the best quality; but, if it is not good verse, at least it is intolerable prose. So musical, indeed, is Mr. Dixon's style that he breaks into metrical lines even in an English translation of a Hebrew letter.

It will perhaps be fair to give some idea of Mr. Dixon's characters and plot. The task is difficult, for no one can try to analyse chaos and resolve it into its component parts with much hope of success. The verb in this intolerable sentence is Ruby Grey, the lovely and benevolent daughter of Sir Philip Grey, Bart, a Benchet and Q.C. The Baronet was the son of "Grey, of County Down," an Irishman, and leader of the Irish people, who must have been a contemporary of Smith O'Brien. Sir Philip, like the Randolphs of Mr. Dixon's last novel, had the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins. Mr. Dixon's delight in "blood," and his freedom with the Plantagenet tap, is most genuine and generous. As a descendant of kings and a Q.C., Sir Philip had no sympathy with Fenians and Peep o' Dayboys. He lived in rooms in the Temple, and one "Newgate Nash" was really owner of his scanty furniture, for the Q.C. was poor and deeply in debt. His fair daughter lived with him in chambers, and passed her time in ministering to the wants of the distressed in Whitefriars, and in evading the pursuit of Newgate Nash, a serjeant learned in law, but by taste and preference a low-bred usurer. As she roamed at will in Hanging Sword Alley and Cut-throat Lane, Ruby made many queer acquaintances, among others Daniel Dale, a consumptive newspaper reader, and his cousin Norton Dale, the handsome clerk of a Jewish attorney from Gibraltar. It chanced that Ruby, Newgate Nash, Norton Dale, and a Californian widow who owned a silver mine, once met Jan Plottchin, a Roumanian, and therefore a villain, with Leo Santo, an odious libel on Mazzini, in the Temple Church. All parties, except Ruby, at once began to plot in their peculiar styles. The innocent Norton only wished to watch over the safety of the lovely Ruby. The wicked Nash wanted her for his wife. The Californian widow, Loo Lightholder, had designs on Norton. Plottchin, a spy, and a member of the "Industrial Bees," a secret society, had designs on everybody, especially Sir Philip Grey; and Leo Santo watched them all with Mephistophelian intentions.

When service was over and several trains were laid, Ruby and Sir Philip met Daniel and Norton Dale reading a New Testament published by the Elzevirs, and "worth its weight in gold." Mr. Hepworth Dixon, unlike Charles Nodier, does not make enough of the bibliographical interest lent by this singular Elzevir. It only serves to show that the Dales have seen better days. The New Testament and a silver snuff-box full of earth from a grave were all that they retained of their ancestral property. Daniel was

dying of consumption, which Sir Philip noticed when he saw him for the first time, though the fact had escaped Ruby, who had been trained "in the Zurich schools," and who had nursed Daniel for months. Norton presently proved that he, at least, was in good training by beating a villain who attacked Ruby in the dark. We have not succeeded in finding out who this villain was, but Sir Philip's suspicions fell on Newgate Nash, who wanted, as we have seen, to marry Ruby. He may, however, have been the Roumanian, or a Fenian, or a Gibraltar Jew for what we know. In the course of the same evening the Dales learned that, by the death of a lunatic relation, they were heirs to a large property. Daniel began to take feebly to drink, and Norton gave Sir Philip a much-needed cheque for fifty pounds. It now struck the Boyard that Norton was a good man to introduce to the secret society in Clerkenwell Green. At a meeting of Socialists or some such people, Mrs. Lightholder, the Californian widow, happened to drop in, and "denounced" the Boyard to justice. "A white and haggard creature, whom they call the Female Bee, and foundress of the Petroleum Club," throws vitriol at the Boyard, and

Norton can hear the fizz of burning flesh.

This makes an effective ending to the first volume.

There are a good many detectives and secret wells and staircases in the second volume. The Boyard, in spite of his burnt flesh, shows well to the front, gets hold of Daniel Dale in Paris, and makes him take to fatal dissipation. Norton is put into prison on the suspicion of being an Industrial Bee, and is released, apparently through the influence of Miss Janet Cantyre, daughter of the Secretary of State, to whom he lent his pocket-flask while she was enduring a brief but tumultuous interval of misery in crossing the Channel. The Californian widow entertains all manner of scamps, who call themselves Socialists. Sir Philip is arrested, and placed in Clerkenwell gaol, on the charge of being concerned in a plot to seize the Tower, the Horse Guards, and the Bank. The Boyard, one feels, is at the bottom of it all; but Ruby Grey is made to suspect Norton Dale. When once the Boyard (if it is he, for we cannot pretend to be sure) has lodged Sir Philip in prison, his next thought is to get him out again. A meeting is held on Clerkenwell Green, many of the characters descend secret staircases, and the Boyard mines and blows up part of the wall of the gaol, and throws the warden down a well. "A hundred mines were to be fired at night," and "five or six yachts are waiting in the Thames." Disdaining yachts and mines, Sir Philip gave himself up to justice, and Ruby, convinced of her lover's fidelity, "held out her hand to Norton." "He receives it tenderly. The circle of sympathy is complete." Soon afterwards Norton held out "his second hand." "With drooping lid and heaving bosom she extends her hand to meet him. Norton seizes and clasps it in his own. The circle of emotion is complete."

If the circle of intelligence were only complete, nothing would be left to desire. We must be content to know that "in a moment of delirious impulse they are folded in each other's arms." Yet, even after this desirable consummation, Ruby went down a well in her turn, and prowled about in an arched vault. Here she learned that her father was nominated "Civil Governor of the Confederated English and Irish Republics," and that he had "ordered London to be burned." On listening to this announcement, "Ruby uncurlt her lips," which she had previously, it appears, worn in ringlets. The conspirators now attempt to make her marry the Boyard; but one Fiffine "flashes on" that nobleman, and announces that he is already a married man. Some one blows out the lamp, and the Boyard escapes from his first wife, but only for a time. Ruby Grey obtains an audience from Lord Cantyre, the Secretary of State, and explains that the Boyard blew up the gaol, stabbed the warden, and flung him down a well, and that some one "saw the dark episode." "The case is now complete," and we have only to ask, like little Peterkin, "What did they kill each other for?" The Boyard's remarks are exclusively profane, not to say blasphemous, and cast no light on this dark business. The story has neither character nor plot; for a mass of absurd confusion is not a plot, and a host of people who uncurl their lips and wear "grave wimples" on their faces are not characters. "Good God! what stuff is this?" Sir Philip asks when he is arrested on the charge of "levying war against the Crown." He receives no answer, and we cannot supply one.

PARKER'S CATACOMBS.*

THE catacombs have always been, among the many subjects of Roman antiquarian research, one of those which have drawn to themselves special attention from observers of all kinds. There is a mysterious interest about the objects themselves, apart from any theories about their origin and history. And the interest is raised to a tenfold pitch when those theories are brought to bear upon the matter. And, thrown in as it were by the way, is the fact that nobody knows exactly what a *catacomb* is, or why these particular burying-places were called catacombs. The word *catacomb* belongs to no known language and has no certain derivation. It sounds very much as if it began in Greek and ended in Welsh. It is no wonder then if odd liberties have sometimes been taken with the word. We remember, perhaps twenty years back, a

* *The Archaeology of Rome*. By John Henry Parker, C.B. Part XII. The Catacombs. Oxford: Parker & Co. London: John Murray. 1877.

startling announcement in a daily paper, "The sword has slain its catacombs." It was an easy guess that the word meant was "hecatombs"; and, if so, it was a pity to forsake the known for the unknown; for we know the origin of the word "hecatomb," while we do not know the origin of the word "catacomb." It would seem that one particular sepulchral church in the neighbourhood of Rome was at first distinguished as being "ad catacumbas." The name, whatever its origin, seems to have had at first nothing to do with burial. Mr. Parker, in his way, discusses the name twice, at p. 1 and at p. 74. He tells us that Ducange suggests a derivation

from *cata* and *tumbas*, "underground tombs," which exactly expresses the meaning, and this word is used by Gregory the Great (lib. iii. epist. 50) in certain manuscripts, though not in the printed editions.

Mr. Parker seems to have forgotten that it was possible that his book might be read, even that it might be reviewed, under circumstances of time and place altogether forbidding reference even to the printed editions, much more to the manuscripts, of Gregory the Great. It would therefore have been only kind to tell us what word Gregory used, which we certainly cannot find out from Mr. Parker's own words. But we get a little light from the next sentence in the same paragraph:—

This name was originally applied to the valley in which the Circus of Maxentius was made.

Still, at the end of p. 1, we do not know what name is meant; but those who bear up to p. 74 will be rewarded:—

The word "Catacomb" may originally have meant a hollow or valley, or perhaps the particular valley in which the Circus of Maxentius was made. It might not have had originally anything specially to do with a burial-place. This agrees with the words of the Catalogue of Roman Emperors published by Jo. Georg. Eccard, "Maxentius . . . Termas in Palatio fecit, et Circum in Catecumpas." Corp. hist. Med. Ævi, &c, Lipsiæ, 1723, folio vol. i. p. 31, col. 2.

This fulness of quotation and reference is a relief after Mr. Parker's vague way of dealing with the fourth doctor of the Latin Church. It is charming, even if we have not the book to refer to. We remember the Catalogue in Eccard; we do not remember its date. But at any rate it gives us a word something like *catacomb*, used seemingly as the name of a place or district, and exactly agreeing with the name *ad catacumbas* given in p. 137 to the church of St. Sebastian. There too, we find, there is or was an inscription, the date of which we are not told, but which refers to the visions of St. Bridget. There we read:—

Frater iste miratur quare apostoli mei
Petrus et Paulus in isto loco cathacumbas
Tanto tempore iacuerant et quasi neglecti.

And some way on we again find "Iste locus cathacumbas." "Catecumpas," "cathacumbas," seems, like "Parisius," to be used without much regard to the rules of case; but here we have enough to show that the word changed its meaning from a spot or district to a particular burying-place in that district, from which it was easily transferred to other burying-places. We have made thus much out from Mr. Parker, without turning to any other book. But surely it would have been easy for Mr. Parker to tell us where the word was used for the first time in any approach to its present sense. Of course it may be by Gregory the Great, in the passage of which Mr. Parker knows the manuscript readings; but we do not know. At all events we must complain of Mr. Burgon, that is, we suppose, the present Dean of Chichester—the formula makes our thoughts go back to another—who, as quoted by Mr. Parker (p. 3), reproduces a place of St. Jerome somewhat freely, and among other things, where Jerome says "crebro cryptas ingredi," puts "Many a time did we go down into the *Catacumbas*." Whatever this process is to be called, it is not translating.

Mr. Parker's main position we understand to be that the underground places of burial to which, as a class, the name "catacomb" was transferred from a single spot, were not at all exclusively places of Christian burial. And though of course the argument is often confused and made grotesque by Mr. Parker's strange way of putting things, he seems not to lay down his doctrine without good grounds. And in any case we can thank him for his minute account of the several catacombs, and for the photographic illustrations of their contents. But we have some difficulty in following him in many of his details, as he relies far too much on Anastasius's Lives of the Popes in times for which Anastasius can be no authority. For instance he believes, in two different places (pp. 21, 31), on the showing of Anastasius, that the Goths in the siege of Vitiges "exterminated the churches" outside the walls, when there is the distinct witness of Procopius, and the still better witness of the churches themselves, that they did not. In this siege Rome was, as Mr. Parker truly remarks, "defended by Belisarius, called also by Anastasius, Viliarius the patrician." He hardly knows how precious that little interchange of *B* and *V* is in the history of pronunciation. So he tells us elsewhere that De Rossi has shown that "*Rufus* and *Rufinus* and *Rufinianus*, *Faustinus* and *Faustinianus*, *Balesianus* and *Valesianus* are variations in the spelling only." Doubtless as regards *Balesianus* and *Valesianus*; it is harder to believe that *Beatrix* and *Vietrix* are the same; and *Rufus*, *Rufinus* (*Rufinus*?), and *Rufinianus* cannot be called variations in spelling only, unless the same is said of *Wulfs*, *Wilkins*, and *Wilkinson*. Just in the same way Mr. Parker lights on other analogies without seeing them. A certain Eustathius describes himself as "humilis peccator, servitor B. Marcellini martyris." Mr. Parker's comment is doubtless edifying, but perhaps a little startling—"much as a good Anglo-Catholic would

now call himself the servant of Christ." Certainly we have *Χριστόδουλος* as a name, as in another language we have *Gilchrist*; but then we have also *Gilmichael*, and, in quite another part of the world, Tahmasp Kouli Khan. All these are close analogies to the "Servitor Mercellini." Mr. Parker has also caused us a certain degree of puzzlement with regard to a certain "Lady Lucina," because, so written, she looked so like a modern Earl's daughter, and also because she sometimes has the alias " (or an enlightened lady)." In other places she drops her title, and becomes only "the Christian matron, Lucina"; but in one shape or another she follows us through many pages, till at last in p. 68 we come to the explanation of the alias—namely, that "De Rossi conjectures that Lucina may possibly not be a proper name or family name, but a title given to more than one of the early Christian ladies, as it literally signifies the *enlightened*." This sounds very odd; those who trace back Lucina into her natural mythological world might even be tempted to call it moonshine. But Lucina and the other early Christian ladies starts another difficulty. Mr. Parker tells us:—

One of the greatest difficulties of the archaeologist always arises from the use of particular words in a limited technical sense, instead of the more general and extended sense in which they are commonly understood. This appears to be the case with the words *prædium* and *cæmeterium* in reference to the Catacombs. The *prædia* of the early Christian matrons may have been farms only in the ordinary sense of the word, relating to the surface of the soil only; but it seems more probable that this name at least included the subsoil, whether quarries, sand-pits, or catacombs.

One would certainly have thought that a *prædium*, whether belonging to an early Christian matron or to the most stiff-necked unmarried pagan, took in both the soil and everything under the soil. But what is this special connexion between *prædia* and matrons? Is the land not a *prædium*, if it chanced to be held by a man or a maid? Surely this is to increase the difficulties of the archaeologist by using words in a limited technical sense instead of the more general and extended sense in which they are commonly understood. Some passages again are absolutely unintelligible. Mr. Parker makes some quotations from the letters of St. Cyprian to certain confessors who were at work "apud metalum Siguense." He adds:—

It is clear that these martyrs were not at work anywhere near Rome. Sigus is a town in Numidia, in Africa, and it is more probable that Cyprian in exile wrote to his own personal friends in his diocese, then in prison, and perhaps afterwards condemned to death. There is a figure of S. Cyprian, with those of other martyrs in the Roman Catacombs; but these figures are of the eighth and ninth centuries, and are no evidence of events of the second and third. S. Cyprian also mentions Felix as one who had worked next to him in chains, under Diennius; but there is nothing to indicate that this was in Rome or anywhere near it. Gallus and Gallienus were then emperors.

What is all this to prove or disprove? And who is the Emperor Gallus? Here again, a few pages on:—

An oration in praise of the forty holy martyrs is attributed to S. Gregory of Nyssa, as written in the fourth century, soon after the persecution under Julian the Apostate; but the editor says it is one oration. It is now divided into two parts, and is said to have been so divided because he was interrupted on the first day by the crowd and confusion, and was obliged to stop and conclude it on another day. The oration, if genuine, was evidently spoken at a commemorative feast, for in the beginning of the second part he mentions the law about convivial meetings, and that it was necessary to prepare a supper in honour of the martyrs. At this supper he was speaking under the protection of the law.

It is not everybody who has Mr. Parker's familiarity with the writings either of Gregory the Great or of Gregory of Nyssa. It is not every one who can say offhand, without the help of any reference of any kind, what was the exact Roman "law about convivial meetings." Such weaker brethren may perhaps wonder what all this has to do with the catacombs. To be sure *agape* are spoken of in the paragraph which goes before; but that which follows treats of "curious instances of the intense ignorance of the Roman population during the sixteenth century." Baffled in this fashion, we get little further light from a note which gives the exact reference to the passage of St. Gregory, but adds:—"This oration is considered by later editors to be spurious, and probably not earlier than the eighth century." Driven in this way from century to century, we clutch at a section headed "Local Arrangement." But here, too, we find ourselves among things equally mysterious. Mr. Parker tells us that "St. Peter's Church was built over the catacomb of the Vatican." He gives (p. 57) a list of "early Bishops of Rome, or Popes," who are said to have been buried there, but which seems quite different from another list which he gives us at p. 14. Then comes this comment:—

After a church was built on the site, there is no distinction between the catacomb and ordinary burial-vaults. St. Peter's became the usual place of interment for the Bishops of Rome, whether they were Kings or not. It was a cathedral church, and that was the usual place to bury the Bishops, whether in a catacomb or in the crypt only. At the present day the catacomb has either been destroyed or entirely concealed.

This is wholly beyond us, especially about the Bishops of Rome who were Kings. To be sure, Boniface the Eighth one day declared himself to be Cæsar; and on the other hand King Maximilian had thoughts of turning Pope, as he had thoughts of turning saint; but he did not carry out either purpose. But neither of these is buried at St. Peter's. Anyhow, if the obituary contains Popes who were not Kings, it contains some Kings who certainly were not Popes. The way in which Mr. Parker distributes titles among those who belong to our own nation is singular:—

Ceadwalla, a King of the Western Saxons.
Cenrad, a King of the Mercians.
Oñu, a King of the Anglo-Saxons.
Ina, a King of the Anglo-Saxons.

Hard measure is also done to a canonized King elsewhere when Mr. Parker says:—

Persons not acquainted with the legends of the Roman martyrs have frequently never heard of any other S. Stephen than the Proto-martyr; but the name of Stephen was always a common one, and it is perfectly clear that the S. Stephen of the Roman Church was S. Stephen the Deacon, one of the martyrs in the Persecution under the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus, towards the end of the third century, along with S. Sixtus, who was called Bishop of Rome at that time, and Pope.

St. Sixtus was doubtless one of those Bishops of Rome who were not kings. But some kings have been saints, and it is conceivable that some "persons not acquainted with the legends of the Roman martyrs" may have heard of St. Stephen of Hungary. Still it is a comfort to find Valerian restored to his place alongside of Gallienus, even at the cost of sending him to elbow Diocletian and Galerius towards the end of the century. One specimen more. The description of St. Peter's must in fairness be matched with the description of St. Paul's:—

This celebrated church is one of the great Patriarchal Basilicas of Rome, or what we should call Metropolitan Cathedrals, which were so largely endowed by Constantine out of the imperial estates in the Campagna and elsewhere. It is also a parochial church, and has a monastery of Benedictines attached to it, governed by an abbot, and therefore called an abbey.

But it is only fair to turn from Mr. Parker's eccentricities, the list of which we have by no means exhausted, to the more solid things in the book. Mr. Parker is more at home in discussing the purely architectural features and history of St. Constantia, St. Agnes, and the great Laurentian basilica, that most singular example of a church turned round, and, in its state after its turning round, the only example in Rome of a long choir. But we cannot understand why he says that St. Paul's, which even in its rebuilt form is the grandest specimen of an arcaded basilica, looks like a pagan temple. The photographs—those we mean which are really in the book—are a useful and interesting series. Not the least interesting are those of the vases. On these the name *Jesus* seems to be always written *Zesus*. Is not this an intermediate stage of sound between *Ἰησοῦς* and the modern *Gesù*? It suggests also the interchange of *jugum* and *cygus*, *Jovis* and *Zeus*. The last in the series is a triumphant confirmation of Mr. Parker's doctrine as to a pagan element in the catacombs. Here we have a little idol of Hercules and three naked Graces, as heathenish as anything can well be, but with inscriptions full of such instructive bad spelling that we almost grudge them to the idolaters.

DAUDET'S NABAB.*

READERS who have watched M. Alphonse Daudet's literary career with interest will hardly be much gratified by his latest production, however much cleverness they may detect in it. *Le Nabab* bears, as did *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, the second title of *Mœurs parisiennes*, but it is only with a particular section of the life of Paris under the Second Empire that it deals, and this particular aspect of an uninviting social life had, to our thinking, been tolerably well exhausted before M. Daudet tried his hand at illustrating it. M. Zola, for one, had made a special study of it, and said practically all that there was to be said about it. Possibly it may have been the knowledge of this fact that led M. Daudet to fill his book with portraits or caricatures of well-known actual characters. This is a method which is safe to ensure a less clever book than M. Daudet's obtaining a number of readers; but it is one which we are sorry to see adopted by a writer who has at times shown so much artistic sense. M. Daudet, however, seems to have been determined to do the thing thoroughly while he was about it; and he has carried his method so far as to make one historical character whom he introduces under a thinly disguised name come to his death by an overdose of a certain drug intentionally administered by another character who represents a quack doctor once well known in Paris. Such a device as this can hardly be considered good art, and might perhaps be called by an unpleasant name if any representative of M. Daudet's unconscious models cared to take the matter up.

For the rest, the novelist has carried to an extreme in this book the practice of imitation which has always been more or less observable in his novels. In *Le Nabab* the influence of Dickens is almost painfully apparent. Certain passages constantly strike us with a sense of familiarity, and set one wondering where one can have seen their like before. Such a passage is found in the few sentences delivered mysteriously over the Nabab's breakfast table by Monpavon in the second chapter, in planning which M. Daudet surely had some recollection of the genteel dinner in *David Copperfield* floating in his mind. M. Daudet has also availed himself to a certain extent of Dickens's habit of ticketing his characters with different phrases so as to avoid further trouble in identifying them. In a better sense there may be said to be a touch of Dickens in the character of M. Joyeuse, an elderly clerk with four daughters, who is gifted with an imagination which constantly employs itself in fashioning little dramas, of which they and he are the central figures. Here is an instance of this character:—

Il pleut, il gèle; un temps de loup. M. Joyeuse a pris l'omnibus pour aller à son bureau. Comme il est assis en face d'une espèce de colosse, bête brutale, biceps formidable, M. Joyeuse, tout petit, tout chétif, sa serviette sur ses genoux, rentre ses jambes pour laisser la place aux énormes piles qui soutiennent le buste monumental de son voisin. Dans le train

du véhicule, de la pluie sur les vitres, M. Joyeuse se prend à songer. Et tout à coup le colosse de vis-à-vis, qui a une bonne figure en somme, est très-surpris de voir ce petit homme changer de couleur, le regarder, en grinçant des dents, avec des yeux féroces, des yeux d'assassin. Oui, d'assassin véritable, car en ce moment M. Joyeuse fait un rêve terrible. Une de ses filles est assise là, en face de lui, à côté de cette brute géante, et le misérable lui prend la taille sous son mantelet. "Retirez votre main, monsieur," a déjà dit deux fois M. Joyeuse. L'autre n'a fait que ricaner. Maintenant il veut embrasser Élise. "Ah! bandit!" Trop faible pour défendre sa fille, M. Joyeuse, écœurant de rage, cherche son couteau dans sa poche, frappe l'insolent en pleine poitrine, et s'en va la tête droite, fort de son droit de père outragé, faire sa déclaration au premier bureau de police. "Je viens de tuer un homme dans un omnibus!" Au son de sa propre voix prononçant bien, en effet, ces paroles sinistres, mais non pas dans le bureau de police, le malheureux se réveille, devine à l'effarement des voyageurs qu'il a dû parler tout haut, et profite bien vite de l'appel du conducteur "Saint-Philippe! Panthéon! Bastille!" pour descendre tout confus au milieu d'une stupefaction générale.

On another occasion, as M. Joyeuse was wending his way to the house of Hemerlingue et fils, the great financiers where he was employed, he delighted himself with thinking that the ordinary December present given to the clerks would surely be doubled in consequence of the success of a stroke of business lately done at Tunis, which had been so great that M. Joyeuse had said of it that this time "Hemerlingue et fils avaient tordu le Turc un peu trop ras." M. Joyeuse then imagined himself going in with his fellow-clerks to pay their New Year's visit to the great Hemerlingue and being asked to stay after the others had gone away. In a moment his chief, generally cold and reserved, became affectionate and expansive, asked how many daughters Joyeuse had, and, on receiving his answer, raised his salary to a thousand francs a month. The most curious feature of this day dream was that it began to be realized; for, as soon as Joyeuse reached the office, he was summoned to the great man's presence. But, instead of asking after his daughters, Hemerlingue informed him that, as he had permitted himself openly to criticize the operations of the house, he would leave his post at the end of the month. M. Joyeuse, who is one of the few pleasant characters in the book, of course obtains some other employment just in time.

One curious point in *Le Nabab* is found in another plan adopted by the author, which we cannot but regard as artistically speaking a blunder. He has broken in upon his narrative every now and then with chapters from the "Mémoires d'un garçon de bureau," who is a very subordinate character in the novel. In these chapters there is nothing particularly amusing except the description of a servants' dinner-party, which again suggests recollections of the "swarry" to which Sam Weller was invited at Bath. On this occasion Passajon, the garçon de bureau, received an invitation, written on pink paper, which ran thus:—"M. Noël pri M. — de se rendre à sa soirée du 25 courant. On soupra." When he arrived, his host, coming forward, welcomed him with much affability, and, taking his hat, handed it to a gigantic negro in livery. "Take that—and that too," he said, giving him a kick. "On rit beaucoup de cette saillie, et nous nous mîmes à causer d'amitié." It must be confessed, however, that M. Daudet's high life below stairs is both less well-behaved and less amusing than that drawn in *Pickwick*.

Perhaps the best piece of literary work in *Le Nabab* is the skill with which the writer compels one in a sort of fashion to like and respect Jansoulet, the unfortunate Nabab, in spite of his atrocious vulgarity and fatuity. It is true that, by contrast to the monstrous scoundrels of every description who surround him, he might seem an agreeable figure, even if he were painted in uglier colours than those which M. Daudet has laid on. But here and there is a natural touch of character in the description of the man from which one may hope that M. Daudet's talent is not really so exhausted as one might otherwise judge from this work, but that he has deliberately preferred in this instance an easy and inartistic way of procuring readers. However this may be, it is certain that M. Daudet's present performance cannot be greatly applauded from a critical point of view, unless indeed Parisian criticism, at least, may in this instance have taken one of those odd, and to outsiders entirely inexplicable, turns, the type of which is found in the fact that Parisian critics and audiences, while they reject the Mephistopheles of M. Faure as being not enough diabolical, accept and admire that of M. Gailhard, who, as has been before pointed out in these columns, plays the part like a good-humoured bagman. But the fact is, that a large number of Parisian readers are delighted with anything in the shape of scandal, even if it relates to a bygone age. And, while some of these scandal-seekers may be disappointed in finding "Le Nabab" whitewashed from the various iniquities attributed to him, and the "Duc de Mora" represented as a fine gentleman in the Don Giovanni sense of the word, with a shrewd and by no means unkindly, if thoroughly selfish, nature, they will at least find plenty to content them in the hideous wickedness, some of which is described, and some fortunately only hinted at, by M. Daudet, as having existed under the reign of Napoleon III. It may possibly be that in dealing with these noxious things M. Daudet may have wished to prove that he knew as much about them and could turn them to as good account as M. Zola. In that case we must pronounce that M. Daudet has failed. He has not that peculiarly fiery strength which belongs to M. Zola's thought and expression, and which alone could enable one to endure some of the things which M. Zola has raked out for his readers. M. Daudet has shown elsewhere that he has what is in our eyes a far more valuable gift, that of writing easily and pleasantly on pleasant things, and of giving its full weight to what is legitimately pathetic in everyday

* *Le Nabab: Mœurs parisiennes.* Par A. Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.

life. The story of the Turco in his *Contes Choisis* is in its way perfect, and the short relation of the Turco's death is infinitely better than the long-drawn-out misery and agony of the Duc de Mora's last days. Such a subject as this is fit matter for a writer like M. Victor Hugo, but very unfit for one of the calibre of M. Daudet, who has unfortunately just enough strength to lend interest to his description of such a scene, but not enough to make one forget its offensiveness. M. Hugo would have shown one in a few lines that, revolting as the circumstances of his fate were, the Duke died as he had lived, full of courage, and true to the traditions of his caste. M. Daudet, pandering, it must be said, to a vile taste, insists upon every possible squalid horror that he can drag in, and succeeds in producing a lengthened narrative which is hideously indecent. There are, no doubt, certain things in it which will seem far less out of place to a French than to an English reader; but it is not easy to suppose that any reader of discrimination will deny that, whatever merits M. Daudet's latest novel may have, it is very far from being either agreeable or artistic.

LONDINIAS.*

THE very notion of Dutch poetry is apt to excite a smile from us, as though there were something naturally impossible in the conjunction of the Muses with the well-to-do little nation inhabiting what Napoleon rudely called the sediment of the Rhine. This prejudice is not altogether unfounded; the purer forms of poetic art have indeed only at one time, and for a single generation, been widely cultivated in Holland. In the age of our own Elizabeth the first glorious period of Dutch liberty blossomed into a Renaissance of literature that contained better things than correct echoes of the pastorals of Tasso and the sonnets of Marot. The dramas of Vondel, the comedies of Brederô, the amatory lyrics of Hooft and Starter, belong to the great stream of European thought, and are almost, but not quite, free from Batavian heaviness. But by the side of these admirable writers there grew up a great mushroom of a poetaster, the moral fabulist Jacob Cats, whose folios are familiar to collectors from the value of their numerous prints. This prosy person celebrated in an insufferable style the glories of a humdrum life, flattered the *bourgeois* vanities of a race only too much inclined to take life trivially, and, finally, ruined the literature of his country. Throughout the eighteenth century we find Holland content with the humblest literary art; lyrics of the farmyard and the nursery, didactic epics in nerveless Alexandrines describing the homeliest industries, and saved from absolute inanition only by a writer whose influence has been hardly less deleterious than that of Cats. Willem Bilderdijk is an exasperating personality, but most of all so to a foreigner. A true-born Dutchman fails to be properly offended by the insularity, the boundless conceit and disdain, the enormous effrontery of a poet who sneered at Shakespeare, preferred himself to Goethe, and poured forth torrents of verse upon every subject under heaven. Subjected to the rule of Bilderdijk, Dutch literature suffered a second bondage even worse than the first; but a newer spirit has now arisen, and for the second time Holland begins to possess a native poetry. The leader of the modern movement was a writer of many-sided and versatile genius, Potgieter, who died as lately as 1875, and whose memory is revered among the younger men of letters in Holland as that of Shelley and Wordsworth was amongst ourselves thirty years ago. The temperament of Potgieter had nothing of the Batavian weight about it; he was a mystical and musical poet, full of lyrical fire and audacity. Among the immediate successors of Potgieter none are so prominent as Mr. Douwes Dekker—better known under the pseudonym "Multatuli," whose marvellous romance of *Max Havelaar* created a sensation which extended as far as the circle of our own lending libraries—and Mr. C. Vosmaer, whose poem is now before us.

The position of Mr. Vosmaer towards antiquity, towards poetical form, and towards theology is so singularly like that of Mr. Matthew Arnold, that it seems difficult to believe that they have had no influence upon one another. Yet it is extremely improbable that either writer has ever read a word of the works of the other. It would take us too far to point out the similarity that exists between the antique poems of these contemporaries. It must suffice to say that Mr. Arnold is the richer master of language, but that to Mr. Vosmaer belongs the distinction of being the first poet of Holland who has ever attempted to give the Dutch language classical purity of form and the refined charm of antiquity. The poem now before us, however, is entirely unlike anything that the author has hitherto presented to the public; more than that, it is, as to form and intention, entirely unique in Dutch literature. To ourselves, who possess Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, and who are familiar with hexametric exercises of many kinds, it is not so surprising to receive a poem describing modern events and places written in something like the metre of the *Iliad*. But, strange as it may seem, these hexameters of Mr. Vosmaer's are the first that have ever appeared in Dutch, and the native critics seem hardly to know how to approach the strange new-comer.

For English readers the poem has the personal charm that accompanies the seeing ourselves as others see us. The *Londinias* describes, in sonorous Homeric verses, the visit of four Dutchmen to London, what they saw, and what they did. The very conception of such a poem must be humorous, but the fun never sinks to

burlesque, and great art is shown in the subtle introduction of passages of pure beauty into a text that is, on the whole, intended to be amusing or satirical. The opening lines may be rendered thus:—

Muse, now sing of the feats of the four who came out of Holland,
Over the foam of the sea, to the Britons, trainers of horses,
Rulers of ocean in manifold wise, and cunning in travel,
Shrewd in their dealings: Neaules and Porthmos, learned divulgers
Scattering wisdom; further Oilmos, daintily hoarding
Treasures of books; and last in the company, critic Alopex.

In other words, the poem celebrates a trip to London undertaken by two well-known publishers, an enthusiastic bibliophile, and the poet-critic himself. While they cross the North Sea the Muse sings of the past glories of Athens, and explains that, when Lord Elgin brought away the friezes of the Parthenon, the sorrowing goddess, Pallas Athene, lingered no longer round the desecrated shores of Attica, but followed the ship to England, and is now enshrined in the British Museum. It is to by their worship at her feet that the four pilgrims have left their homes and are crossing the perilous waves.

In the next canto we hear how Poseidon rose out of the sea to taunt Athene on the ruin of her city, and how she rebuked him, pointing out to him that all modern civilization owns fealty to her ancient Athens. He quotes Byron to her, but without shaking her sublime confidence. In the third canto the four pilgrims are on the deck of the steamer, boasting to one another of Holland's victories by sea in old times, whereupon Proteus, rising through the waves, reproves their pride, and bids them do honour to an enraged deity. Conscious of their fault, they very humbly pledge Poseidon in steaming "rumgrog," and watch with awe Selene, who rises in silver majesty over the dim, low coast of Essex. In a little while they land at Harwich, and the seed of Hephaistos, fleetier than the wind, carries them forthwith into the city of Nike, the conquering town of the world. The fourth canto gives an amusing sketch of first impressions of London; the four friends fly hither and thither—admiring, wondering, and sometimes quizzing, what they see. Among the many strange sights they note a feature of London which is quite unknown in Amsterdam or the Hague:—

High over head in the midst of the streets the electrical threadwork,
Stripping the air with its lines like the musical score of a giant.

The fifth canto is extremely well written. It describes the English Sunday, a fertile subject with our foreign visitors, but here sketched with a special brilliancy of good-natured satire. The four are amazed at the crowds who hurry here and there, and then are seen no more; but they gradually conceive that the English worship many barbaric gods, with woeful ceremonies. But a wise man corrects them in this idea, and explains that these seeming deities are but so many avatars of the great goddess Britannia and her iron son John Bull. The Dutchmen wish to worship their own goddess Athene, who dwells, it will be remembered, in the British Museum; but they learn that this is sternly forbidden by the law of the land. They fly away swiftly to a little city named Richmond, and repose their ruffled souls by lying in the grass under the great elms. Furthermore, they visit Hampton Court, where Alopex goes into ecstasies over the Mantegnas. At the close of the day a great nostalgia seizes Oilmos, and he weeps because the English coffee is so bad, remembering the perfumed cups and his mother's house; the others chide him for this unmanly weakness.

In the next canto the four pilgrims proceed to the house of their illustrious countryman, Mr. L. Alma-Tadema. The elaborate classical decorations of the artist's rooms, his pictures, the whole air of antique life of which the house is redolent, inspire Mr. Vosmaer with an eloquence in which the note of a gratified patriotism is not absent. This visit paid, the whim of Oilmos is gratified by a day spent in hunting in old book-shops, and the pilgrims indulge themselves in luxuriously traversing the length and breadth of London in a couple of hansom cabs. Throughout the course of these mundane employments, the dignified Homeric language is kept up most successfully. We must pass hurriedly over the minor incidents, and approach the close. One accident after another has prevented the pilgrims from attending at the shrine of their divinity, but at last they gather under the portico of the British Museum. Avoiding the stuffed beasts and the books, they penetrate at once into the presence of the gods in marble, and Alopex speaks winged words about the nature of these antiquities. At last, on a sudden, a vision of Pallas Athene herself is vouchsafed to them; she comes in the likeness of a tall, robust English girl, with golden hair and frank blue eyes. The pilgrims do not receive her in quite so respectful a manner as might have been expected; but it must be borne in mind that the modern man is ill prepared for sudden incarnations of the gods. However, they hold a long discourse respecting the nature of beauty, and the goddess warns her votaries against the sophisms of one Plato and his disciple Ficinus. By and by she disappears, and they return into the street, when lo! they find that a miracle has been performed, for an omnibus-conductor refuses the shilling they offer him, and looking again at it, they find it has been transformed into a tetradrachma, with the head of the helmeted Pallas upon it.

After this climax there was nothing to be done but to return:—

Eos in garments of saffron, with rose-coloured tips to her fingers,
Shone the last time on the Four in the land of the tamers of horses;
They now, fulfilled with content and enriched with a treasure of volumes,
Burned in their hearts to revisit their home and the hearth-stone beloved,
There to embrace the dear wife of their heart and the innocent prattlers;

* *Londinias*. Door C. Vosmaer. Sijthoff: Leiden. 1877.

Yet when they thought of the wonderful things, and the kindness of strangers,
Heavy they were to be gone from a land that had pleased them and welcomed,
Sadly they bound up their chattels, and money in hecatombs offered
Unto Hephaistos, the god of the fire and transporter of burdens;
Swift as an arrow they flew from the thundering banks of the Thames-flood
Over the tops of the town between chimney-pots, spying round gables
London faint in a fog. But the slim and well-fashioned steamer
Lay at her moorings and chafed, as a steed that chafes for a gallop;
Now with the thrill of her longing the sea-wave was churned into whiteness—
Longing too wild to restrain—and now from the sides of the steam-ship
Rose the hot breath of delight, and a resonant cry like a whistle
Cleft the clear air, and the cable was loosened, and slowly, now swifter,
Passed she from shore, and stood out, and the bright blank fields of the ocean,
Ploughed by her keel, were divided.

The voyage back to Holland is described with great force and beauty in a passage that is one of the gems of the book. On his return the poet, having written down his reminiscences, hangs up his pen in the temple of the Muses and says farewell to the reader. This curious poem is illustrated by the author with rude coloured drawings in imitation of the paintings on archaic vases; a satyr, balancing himself on the lintel of an ancient theatre, tosses a thyrsus into the air; a Greek girl, filleted, plays upon the double flute; Poseidon, with a black face, chides Athene all in white. In one of these illustrations we have the grotesque portraits of the four pilgrims, and in another Athene appears in their midst in the Sculpture Gallery of the British Museum.

As a specimen of the original verse, we quote a few lines of the sixth canto:—

Ook de godin van het huis gunt 't zien van de cella alwaar zij,
Schoone, talentvolle Muze in't sleepend gewaad, met den haarband
Die om het goudene blond zich strengelt, het sierlijk penseel voert.
Toen zij zoo hadden bewonderd, genoten zij't frische des avonds
In het priel van den hof, met gekruide gesprekken en laving.
Attisch bleef slechts 't schoon en de geest van de vrouw en gezusters,
Maar toen heerschte in plaats van het oude, de vroolijke jonkheid.

ARTIST AND AMATEUR.*

OF the two titles that Mrs. Caddy has given to her story, we certainly prefer the latter. *Artist and Amateur* leaves the hero altogether out of account, for he is neither one nor the other; but *The Surface of Life* takes in every one. The author herself never goes below the surface, but then her surface is of prodigious extent. What she wants in depth she makes up in the other dimensions. Why she should have encumbered herself with a hero, a heroine, and their love-making, we hardly know. She has her views on everything, from the future of Mexico to the great spelling controversy. The hero and heroine marry, of course, but the very last lines of the last volume are given up, not to their living happily together till they died, but to the best manner of rating publicans and tobaccoists. But it would be an injustice to our author to let the reader run away with the notion that publicans and tobaccoists play an important part in the story. They enter here, if we are not mistaken, for the first time. She had made the hero a baronet, had married him to the heroine, had got them to the old ancestral Hall, and was no doubt just going to leave them to their happiness when the thought must have suddenly struck her—"Good heavens! Here I am at the end of my story, and I have not said a word about the rating of publicans and tobaccoists." A remedy was easily provided. The heroine had a friend, the friend had a brother, and the brother, who hitherto had been a hare-brained fellow, is suddenly discovered to have strong views about the rating of publicans and tobaccoists. He had himself been in love with the heroine, and had gone so far as to propose to her. But he was a man of a generous heart. What then more natural than that he should write to his sister and beg her to tell his rival his opinion on this important subject? There have been found physicians to recommend that we should always rise from a meal with some slight appetite left. An author, too, does not act unwisely who leaves his reader not fully satisfied on all points, but with some mystery not cleared up, or with some one's fortune not fully established. Mrs. Caddy has acted on this plan. The advice is given by the generous rival; but whether it ever reaches the Baronet we are not told. The sister imparted it to the heroine, but there the curtain drops; no more is known, and the reader is left to ponder on the motives which are likely to sway the hearts of a baronet and a baronet's wife as to the rating of publicans and tobaccoists.

Happily it is not often that matters are left in such uncertainty, though both hero and heroine frequently hazard a modest guess on some knotty point without pretending to arrive at any conclusion. "I have sometimes speculated as to whether Brahma were synonymous with Abram," said Elma the heroine. "And I have sometimes puzzled myself about why we always avoid the word 'got,'" said Wentworth the hero in reply. Flora the friend has an ingenious explanation. "Perhaps we are Teutonic enough not to like to use lightly the word 'Gott.'" The Baronet does not pretend to decide the question, but contents himself with prophesying that, if there is ever to be a common language, "it will be English, that combines elements from the tongues of all the races of mankind." He had passed many years in Mexico—in Spanish America,

as the author calls it. On his return to England he talks of the "fall" of the year. The heroine notices it, but remarks that "that word 'fall' for autumn is not exclusively American; it survives among the country people in Devonshire. Drake and the other men of Devon who went Westward ho! may have carried it with them and their descendants have retained it." This explanation strikes us as wonderful even when given by the heroine of an historical novel. She has to account for the hero's use of the word "fall." What more natural? she would say. Had he not lived in Mexico? Is not Mexico in America? Did not Drake go not only westward, but Westward ho!—whatever that may mean? Did not he and his men carry the word "fall" with them? Did they not leave descendants? Have not these descendants retained the word in the midst of Mexico? It is almost surprising that the Baronet did not give to autumn either its Phœnician or its Mongolian name; for the Aztecs are "believed to be of Hamitic origin through the Phœnicians," while the Indians (we learn on the same authority) are Mongolian. Had he used the Phœnician word, it would at once have gone home to the heroine, for on one side she too belonged to "the Phœnician race, descended from the old tin-seekers, which abounds in Devon and Cornwall." On the other side, "she joined the lineage of Greek artists of Marseilles with the lofty pride of the Frank baron." With such a remarkable lineage we can readily believe that "she had been the central sun of her universe at Wincombe. The whole place and all its surroundings made up a mere speck where she had loomed large." We would ask the reader to pause with us for a moment and sum up her attributes. She was an English-woman, and therefore spoke a language "that combines elements from the tongues of all the races of mankind." She was a Devonshire woman, and therefore was Phœnician. Some of her forefathers were natives of Marseilles, and therefore she had in her the lineage of Greek artists; others of her forefathers had been Frank barons. In addition to all this she was a central sun that loomed large in the mere speck of a universe. No wonder that the younger son of the younger brother of a baronet fell in love with her. No wonder that the baronet died childless, that the elder brother broke his neck when out riding, and that the younger brother was suddenly raised from insignificance, poverty, and a bachelor's life to a baronetcy, wealth, and matrimony. He became her central sun—the central sun to a central sun that loomed large in the mere speck of a universe. "My Elma!" he exclaimed, when she accepted him:—

"My Elma! my Egeria! I will be the mead which cradles the glorious river which glides here in smooth, still depth, yet is as impetuous and living as is your genius, Elma. The mist thrown to the air by the waters shall ever refresh me, and keep the flowers freshly springing around you, with leaves for your shelter; and make rainbows shine for our daily life. O wealth of happiness! O sunshine playing on and blessing the tumult of life!"

They were, indeed, a well-matched couple. He in features much resembled the portrait of Ariosto by Titian; but "there was an air of distinction about him such as none but Vandike has ever perfectly represented." She had "her head commandingly poised on a pillar-like neck of creamy whiteness." But that was not all. "She looked and moved a queen" in p. 21 of the first volume, and in p. 70 "she moved like a prince." He "had nourished his faculties freely. . . . Mental food taken according to strict hygienic principles was assimilated and digested without effort." She was "talented and intellectual." They both had the command of a library in which were to be found "a well-bound set of *Oratores Attici*, and other classics." He, till he saw her, had made fossils his deepest study; but when they once met "he perceived that the living creature possessed a wealth of varied being unknown to the fossil remain." This he perceives early in the first volume. He is almost penniless, and so he cannot proclaim his discovery. But the interval that has to be got over till his uncle dies and his brother breaks his neck is conveniently filled with a few adventures, with discussions such as those we have already instanced, and with descriptions of scenery. The scenery, indeed, helps on the story wonderfully. In the first nineteen pages of the first volume there are at least five different pieces of word-painting, as it is called. In fact, this part of the story is scarcely less interesting than a nurseryman's catalogue or the *Gardener's Almanack*. When we have read all that Elma did see, we are told in another part all that Elma did not see, though she might have seen it had she wished. Her lover had left her towards the close of the first volume when all partings are so painful. As he left her in the daytime and in the country there was scenery for her to have noticed, could she with propriety have noticed it. But there is a time for all things. It matters little, however, to author or reader; for how can the depths of her suffering be better laid bare than by a description of the natural beauties that had not power to win her attention? In like manner when a labouring man is ill, his wife tries to raise our pity by telling us that her husband could not fancy even his mug of beer and his pipe. Had she merely told us that he had had nothing but gruel and tea, our feelings, she knew, would not have been nearly so deeply stirred. So we feel in this story for the heroine when we read:—

She gave no heed to the flexes and the orange-leaved sycamores, which stood out in such joyous contrast with the blue sea. Some rose-branches escaping over an outhouse wall of rough mortar in cold greys, were beautifully coloured in tints—tawny, buff, crimson, lilac, and various tones of green, with here and there a crimson rose. At any other time she would have been eager to paint so beautiful a chord of colour.

* *Artist and Amateur; or, the Surface of Life.* A Novel. By Mrs. Caddy. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

She caught up her hat and ran down the garden, heedless of the belladonna flowers, and splendid pink lancetiform lilies, backed by the heart-shaped leaves of a Judas-tree growing in the dell below; mingled with vine-stems, orange-red, with thinning, changing leaves, and the reddish bud-tips of the fig-trees.

The descriptions in this story of everything that can be described are so frequent and so minute, that almost a feeling of gratitude came over us when at the marriage of the heroine's aunt we read, "It is unnecessary to describe the wedding and the bishop and the six bridesmaids who officiated at the ceremony." Thank Heavens! we uttered; there is then at least one thing which the author thinks it unnecessary to describe.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE work of Mr. De Vinne on the Invention of Printing* is well executed and thoughtfully written. The illustrations are really explanatory, and for the most part intimately connected with the text. They may not, indeed—to execute their purpose faithfully they could not—always be elegant; but they seldom fail to throw light upon the special point in hand. Mr. De Vinne justly defines printing as typography; that is to say, the art of printing by small movable blocks, each generally containing only a fragment of the whole impression. Any other definition would compel us to accept the wall sculptures, and even the direct inscriptions, of Egypt and Assyria as specimens of printing, and the wooden blocks of China as very highly advanced examples of typography. Now, as a matter of fact, such a definition would be found to leave hardly any definite and tenable distinction between drawing and typography. Typography proper should at least in some way connect the figure, not with the object, but with its name. For example, the engraved or stamped figure, though it be stamped only on the bricks drawn forth from the ovens of Assyria, if it be a real type, and not a mere figure, should represent, not the bull or the lion himself, but the word by which the bull or lion was known to Assyrians. No doubt there was at first a certain inseparable connexion between the two. The literal representation of the word was, until separate letters were invented, equally the representative of the thing, though it tended doubtless, as in heraldry, to become a very arbitrary and formal symbol. The first distinct advance beyond drawing into real typographic expression seems to have been syllabic—that is, to have taken place when, to use a familiar example, "dandelion" was symbolized by a well-dressed man followed by something more or less resembling a lion. The difficulty and waste of time involved in representing either of the two figures correctly must have very soon caused picture-writing to rise—or, as no doubt the Conservatives of the time expressed it, to degenerate—into mere formal expression; the lion of printing, for example, resembling a real lion about as much as did the rudest representation of heraldry, in which it is essential to represent the lion in an attitude he never assumes—namely, as *rampant*. The first and greatest advance was unquestionably from the Egyptian or Assyrian to the Cadmean typography; the substitution of single letters representing only fragments of articulate sound—but for that reason representing all articulate sounds by a very few types—for the comparatively complicated syllabic typography of the Asiatic Empires; which, in its turn, was a great advance upon the picture-writing whose relics are preserved to us in some of the remains of the American monuments destroyed by the Spanish conquerors, which were undoubtedly in character, if not in chronology, the rudest and earliest form of letters. True printing, again, could only begin when, instead of directly engraving figures on block, brick, stone, or other material, the employment of a reversed type enabled the copyist to strike several identical copies at once or in succession from the same original type. This last and highest form of the art seems to have been reserved for a period comparatively very late. A true engraving, often of exquisite artistic beauty, was achieved before the very existence of what we regard as the historic age. Symbolic printing was already introduced, and over the heads of Assyrian kings, in the long series of wall-graving which distinguished Babylon and Babylonian cities, was placed the merely formal figure of the three wings in the circle; as in another case arrows variously arranged were made, as is supposed, to represent different combinations of sound. Writing, absolutely perfect in everything save the multiplication of copies, was as familiar to the Athenians in the time of Pericles as to the monks of the fourteenth century. By two distinct methods, by two separate and unconnected processes, had the art of printing proper—that is, of typographical printing—reached its commencement under Gutenberg. On the one hand, writing with separate types had been developed to the highest perfection; on the other, a thorough mastery of the art of impression, of communicating a mark or stigma from one block of hard to several of soft material, or of transferring from a raised surface covered with ink a similar mark to other surfaces, was already realized in the minds of inventors, if not successfully worked out. The engraved gem which formed the seal of a Roman emperor came very near to that lithographic stone in which we see the origin of the engraver's art. The achievement of the copyist in its turn indicated that the same method might, and must very soon, be applied by means of very small

blocks to the multiplication of books properly so called. It would seem scarcely disputable that, as in the case of other inventors, the achievement of Gutenberg had been here and there for particular purposes anticipated long before it was actually brought to bear for the purpose of multiplying copies of books at a low price for a public which had become comparatively fond of reading. But there seems as little cause to doubt that the age of the Roses in England was relatively an age of culture as to challenge the claim of Gutenberg to have been the first printer of books in the modern sense, or that of Caxton to have introduced the art into England. There is, moreover, we presume, little cause to dispute the existence of a certain and very influential connexion between Lollardism, which may be defined as a secret and covert Reformation arising before its time, and the artificial multiplication of books, chiefly, if not exclusively, Bibles. Such a demand, in an age when it had become a common practice among the copyists of the monasteries to adorn the sacred volume with especial splendour, and therefore to render it especially expensive, would obviously have two effects. In the first place, it would induce the monastic copyists, who had no sympathy with the popular demand, to render their copies still more elaborate and expensive; in the next, it would cause a class of copyists to arise outside the monasteries, whose object would be to inquire whether some method cheaper and simpler than copying might not be used to meet their purpose. What seems least easy to explain is not the speedy adoption of printing—after once engraving and single letters had both come into use—but the lapse of ages before the two things so obviously and naturally connected were brought into intimate and profitable co-operation. Probably the true explanation must be found in the exceedingly limited number of readers, which again reacted on the number of copyists, and prevented them from seeking any method of multiplying, and therefore cheapening, books. When, however, as in the days of Gutenberg and for a century before, the demand for books on cheap terms had become one of the most pressing wants of the age, and when, at the same time, the means of supplying that want was obviously at hand, it does seem surprising that the art of stamping or printing should not have been sooner applied to the multiplication of books.

In America, even more than in England, the class of preachers or pastors seems to enjoy, if not a monopoly, yet a most disproportionate share of biographical publications. We have noticed ere this that men of no real distinction, men who were certainly never heard of on this side of the Atlantic beyond the boundaries of their own sect, are thought worthy to have their works, their letters, their sermons, their views upon every subject, however utterly incompetent they might be to treat it, recorded at extraordinary length. Dr. Kirk appears to us to be one of the specially fortunate in this line. That there was nothing in his career, in his influence, or in his character to justify the publication of some 450 closely printed pages* in praise of his pulpit oratory and his political declamation, even a cursory perusal will, we think, soon convince every reader not closely connected with the sect. It would be something gained if biographies of this character were confined to that field of ecclesiastical oratory in which alone the subject of eulogy achieved his fame. It may no doubt be of moment to his friends that Dr. Kirk's services to a particular sect should be acknowledged in an elaborate biography. But why should his political opinions on one of the greatest of public questions be recorded for the advantage of the world? Probably very few educated Americans were so ignorant and so dogmatic in regard to the War of Secession as was Dr. Kirk. Few wrote with such absolute indifference to truth, to justice, and common sense. Few had so little to say by which the judgment of any considerable number of well-informed observers could possibly be modified. This being the case, Dr. Kirk is as little likely to profit the Union as to honour his profession, were such a thing possible, by reopening controversies finally settled on the field of battle.

Hardly a stronger proof could be desired of the influence which, without votes or any formal political power, women have actually attained in American public life than that afforded by the discussions set forth in the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*.† It would require no inconsiderable moral courage to publish such proposals in England, save under the protection of that profound neglect which English ignorance generally accords to professional or scientific writings. The notion of treating an inebriate as a criminal would never be tolerated by English opinion, which, whether reasonably or not, persists in regarding the right of men at least to get drunk as among the most sacred of human privileges, and actually regards the exercise of that privilege as an excuse for downright crimes of the worst character. The tone of the profession in America, as here, is much governed by the feeling of the women; but the ascendancy of the latter over the physicians, save those of the very highest standing, is decidedly greater on the other side of the Atlantic. We find, moreover, that the influence of the ladies and the doctors is not encountered by that fierce jealousy of personal liberty which well nigh paralyses both in England. There are in some States laws which make it positively dangerous to enjoy a carouse if there are among the party any ladies of strong opinions on the subject; and everywhere the liberty or licence of any one who can, by whatever forced interpretation of words, be called an habitual drunkard is

* *The Invention of Printing*. Illustrated with Facsimiles of Early Types and Woodcuts. By Theo. L. De Vinne. Second Edition. New York: Hart & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

* *Life of Edward Norris Kirk, D.D.* By David O'Mears, A.M. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*. Published under the auspices of the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates. European Agency: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox, London.

much less safe than it is here. It is a notable proof how little female suffrage is necessary to female influence that, without the possession of a vote, the women of America have only just failed to close the bars entirely, and are pushing forward, with the support of a large part of the medical profession, laws which would practically enable them to limit exactly, with the aid of the family apothecary, the quantity of wine or spirit which a free-born citizen may dare to drink during the day. This is among the principal topics of discussion in the present number of the periodical before us, apparently the first number of the second volume. There are, happily, papers on other subjects more thoughtfully written, and more temperately considered.

As President of Yale College, and holding therein a professorship of no mean importance, it was right and natural—at least on the German and American, if not on the English, system—that Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey should deal elaborately with what may be called the philosophy of government, that is, the relation of the State to its subjects.* Unfortunately this is a topic with which at no time has any American been able to deal impartially or reasonably. Up to the moment of the separation from England every American teacher was either a Royalist or at heart a rebel. After the war had once broken out no Royalist was safe from outrage except within the British lines. After the peace, the dispute originated by the struggle for independence was complicated by a new controversy:—What was actually the amount of authority possessed respectively by the State Governments and by that of the Confederation, or, as it presently became, the Union? The genius of the Federals, to whose party nearly all the ablest political and military lieutenants of Washington belonged, maintained their literary and perhaps their educational ascendancy for half a generation. But from the time when Jefferson won the Presidential Chair down to 1860, the orthodox doctrine was that to the State in its double sense, and to the State alone, did the citizen owe allegiance; and this tenet was asserted with no less eagerness, and on the whole perhaps with more bitterness, in the North than in the States lying south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is impossible, therefore, even when the issue has been finally decided, for a writer of so much authority and weight as Dr. Woolsey to leave it out of sight in any discussion of a theme within which it is embraced; though, as a matter of fact, the whole question he has to treat is without reference to any such dispute, his topic being the duty of subjects to the State, and the existence of the State being a point assumed; while it is not his province to settle what the State in particular instances may be. It is not, for example, his concern to decide whether Bulgarians were right or wrong in fighting for their immediate prince against their acknowledged suzerain; though it is obvious that the authority of the Sultan partook much more of a sovereign character than did that of the Union, and that the Virginian who supported his State was far less liable to the reproach of rebellion or treason than the Wallachian or the Servian who, at the bidding of a hospodar or vassal prince, bore arms against his suzerain. Probably in the latter case the decision of history will be that the States, vassal or confederate, might or might not be called rebels according to the special terms of their relation and the obligations by which they were bound—a point which historians would be likely to decide in favour of the members of the Confederacy and of the Sunderbund, but against Roumania and Servia; while in no case whatever could it be reasonable to apply the reproach or the penalty of rebellion to the individual subjects of a vassal or even of a confederated community. Dr. Woolsey has given the study of half a lifetime to the points treated in these two volumes, and it is not to be supposed that, whether or not we may agree with him upon particular issues, there can be any part of his argument which will not deserve attentive consideration from students of the art and functions of government.

The Bar of every country which has a Bar in the English sense—that is to say, an associated profession of lawyers forming a community of their own and living a good deal together—can hardly fail to furnish its elder and retired members with recollections exceedingly interesting to themselves, and which, with a little literary skill, they may make interesting to the world at large. America, with all her differences of practice and rule, has inherited such a Bar from England; and France also has such a Bar, though the magistracy and the prosecuting officials are not taken from it, and consequently its relations are almost exclusively with the political Opposition. The State and Federal organizations of the American Union introduce another special variety, breaking up the profession generally into a score or more of local professional clubs, so to speak, from which, as a rule, the Bar of the Supreme Court at Washington gradually drafts off the leaders. A biographical interest, especially strong, did till within the last twenty years, perhaps even later, attach to a profession which furnished to the North, and in no inconsiderable measure to the Southern States also, their foremost politicians. Nearly the only men of character and position who took an habitual part in politics without being what Americans call in the worst sense politicians, nearly every distinguished American statesman of the last generation, came to the Senate, the Ministry, or the House of Representatives from the Bar. And certainly no one among them surpassed in rank and repute the contemporary trio, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, of whom impartial men, if any such were to be found, thought Webster the greatest.

* *Political Science; or, the State Theoretically and Practically Considered.* By Theodore D. Woolsey. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Mr. Harvey, the author of the volume before us*, assuredly was not a distinguished lawyer or brilliant advocate; but it was his fortune to stand high in the second rank of his profession, and to be personally associated with many of its brightest ornaments, especially with Webster. There have been few among American public men who have displayed that large and genial nature, superior even to the bitterness of American politics, which characterized the chief who, on behalf of Massachusetts, confronted the equally characteristic leader whom South Carolina furnished to the South; and General Jackson's threats had probably not a tinge of the effect exerted by Webster's speeches in checking, if not calming, the fierce and fiery oratory of Calhoun. Though there are now probably few living to whom Webster is more than a great historical name, the reminiscences of such a character which an intimate associate has set down for a new generation cannot be otherwise than interesting and valuable. When South Carolinians see this volume, they will doubtless wish that there were some one to render a similar service to the memory of Webster's most formidable opponent and their own political hero.

We may fairly associate two of the worst inflictions, moral and material, that have reproduced in the New World scourges familiar at different periods to the Old. The Locust Plague† has been for ages the terror of the grain-growing countries of Western Asia and Eastern Europe; and nothing is more terrible or more picturesque than the account that travellers in such countries have given of the manner in which the flying cloud of destructive creatures, small at dawn as a man's hand, settles at noon on a fertile province, and leaves at evening not a green leaf nor a blade of grass for miles and miles around. Not less terrible, perhaps, in its destructive power, but operating more silently and slowly, is that pest of professional crime which is the scourge of our own higher civilization. America now knows them both; the Colorado beetle is her familiar locust; the family of the Jukes‡, whose story has been traced carefully for several generations, furnishes her example of professional crime; and it seems almost as difficult to deal effectively with the one as with the other. At any rate both have been studied carefully in the little volumes before us, which are well worthy of minute attention.

Mr. Little's *Early New England Interiors* § is a volume of plates, apparently lithographed from pen-and-ink drawings, which, if somewhat deficient in special interest, are still characteristic, and may prove highly suggestive to the student of household architecture.

We need hardly call the reader's notice to a collected edition of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes.¶ Among the foremost and most especially national of American writers, displaying a peculiar delicacy of humour, he is much more prized as an essayist and novelist than as a poet; but he is too conscientious and careful to send out work in any form which shall not be worthy of his reputation.

Messrs. Osgood and Co. continue their series of *Poems of Places*, a series of small, but well printed and well got up volumes, of which two, relating to Germany ¶, have reached us this month.

* *Reminiscences of Daniel Webster.* By Peter Harvey. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

† *The Locust Plague in the United States.* By Charles V. Riley, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

‡ *"The Jukes": a Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.* By R. L. Dugdale. Third Edition, revised. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *Early New England Interiors.* Sketched by Arthur Little. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

¶ *Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* Boston: J. R. Osgood. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

¶ *Poems of Places.* Edited by H. W. Longfellow. Germany. 2 vols. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Mr. CARL ROSA requests us to state that Miss Julia Gaylord has not left his opera company.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,166, MARCH 2, 1878:

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ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, Whitehall Yard, 1878.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING will be held in the Theatre of the Institution, on Saturday, March 2. The Chair will be taken by the Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, at Two P.M. precisely, when the Gold Medal will be presented to the Writer of the Prize Essay on "Great Britain's Maritime Power: how best developed."

February 23, 1878.

By Order of the Council.

B. BURGESS, Captain, Secretary.

MATRICULATION of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, June 1878.—A CLASS, in all the subjects of this Examination, will be held at Guy's Hospital, commencing Monday, March 25. The Class is not confined to Students of the Hospital.—For particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

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